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ONLY A PAUPER.

BY OLIVE BELL.

Oh, beautiful flakes, drift down from on high,
Cover my couch, like pure lily leaves,
Shape spotless white pillows whereon I may lie,
'Neath coverlets dotted with golden sheaves;
Let the walls of my room with frost-jewels shine,
Its floors sprinkle over, with silvery dust,
Where in dreams I may quaff some life-giving wine,
And perish 'mid beauty, if perish I must.
For I'm only a pauper, adrift in the snow,
Struggling 'neath burdens of hunger and woe.

Oh, beautiful flakes, drop softly and slowly,
On my feverish lips, and pale shrunken brow;
On white noiseless wings, bear rest to the lowly,
And fashion a shroud of beautiful snow—
For one who hath battled with hunger and sorrow,
Met chilling words, with humble replies,
Heedless to-night, of that hopeless to-morrow,
Wherein neither peace nor happiness lies.
For I'm only a pauper, adrift in the snow,
Struggling 'neath burdens of hunger and woe.

Oh, beautiful flakes, drift up in warm billows,
Cover my shivering travel-worn feet;
As I rest from my struggles, upon my cold pillows;
And fancy the moonbeams, dashes of heat;
The dashes of gold, that sprinkle my covers,
Remind me of days, oh, bright harvest days,
When the dewy wheat sheaves, I bound with my lovers,
And mingled my voice with their gay roundelays.
Yet now I'm a pauper, adrift in the snow,
Struggling 'neath burdens of hunger and woe.

Oh, beautiful flakes, I know I shall perish,
To-night on my pillows, so downy and cold;
Yet the Shepherd has promised to shelter and cherish
The weak and the weary, to kindly uphold.
Yet sometimes I dread, that Heaven's dear pleasures,
Shall vanish like mists, when my spirit shall soar,
To the walls that encircle His long-hidden treasures,
And chest me of glory, and peace evermore.
For I'm only a pauper, adrift in the snow,
Struggling 'neath burdens of hunger and woe.

Oh, beautiful flakes, flutter silently down,
Clothe me in white, pure virginal white,
For angels may find me, and lovingly crown,
My wet matted locks, with coronet bright
For after life's crosses, come moments of peace,
After life's drouth, God's bountiful rain,
After life's bondage the soul's blest release,
From struggles of anguish, hunger and pain.
For tho' only a pauper, adrift in the snow,
God will accept me, and shield me, I know.

THE CYPHER TELEGRAM!

By CHARLES MORRIS.

[This story was commenced in No. 30, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XVII.

BESIDE THE FLOWING WATERS.

Lovelace did not take the high road on his return. The green fields, the smiling water-side seemed to have higher attractions for him. Perhaps he felt the need of nature's serene influence after the scene he had just passed through. Perhaps a hope of another kind animated him.

If the latter, his wish was destined to be gratified. He had not gone far down his verdant path ere a tall, slender form met his eye, advancing swiftly towards him.

He seated himself on a mossy stone, in a sheltered nook by the creek side, awaiting her approach with a warm feeling of pleasure.

"Mr. Lovelace," she cried, as she came up, flushed and breathless with haste, "I hoped to find you here. I wanted to see you so badly. Why did you send for me? What has passed between you and Mr. Benton?"

She seated herself opposite him and looked up questioningly into his face. Evidently a deeper feeling than curiosity moved her.

"Why do you ask?" he inquired with some hesitation of manner.

"The questions you asked me were so strange. There was something so covert yet so threatening in my uncle— in Mr. Benton's look. He knew very well that my father told me about your visit, and the fact of your having left papers with him. I told him so only yesterday. Did he question or deny the fact?"

"He somewhat plainly called me an impostor, which was about equivalent to a denial."

She looked at him with a surprise in her eyes that was more than half fright. To her pure and innocent mind, a direct falsehood seemed a terrible enormity.

"But he knew of it. I told him of it," she reiterated.

"No doubt. There are men who believe only what they have an interest in believing. Your faith in human nature will be somewhat shattered, Miss Browning, as your experience grows. Facts in Mr. Benton's mind do not have plain sailing."

"I do not understand you," she replied, simply but earnestly, her eyes wide with question, a sense of fear in the curve of her lips.

"I would be sorry to have you understand me," he replied. "Yet I do not know but that it would be better if you were taught somewhat of the ways and wiles of the world. You must go to this marsh school, and it were better to learn the bitter lesson of life slowly, than have all its harsh meaning thrust suddenly upon you."

"Go on, sir; I have been learning to bear. I know what sorrow means."

"But you do not know what vice means," he said, almost harshly, as he looked upon her cheek from which the color had suddenly faded. "Nor shall you from me. You do not like your new guardian?"

"I have told you so." Her voice was low and full of question.

"Neither do I. I may have done him injustice. I may have acted more like a fool than I, in my self-satisfied wisdom, thought it was in me to act. The event only will show. If I lose, I may lose more than the stake I threw for. No matter; *vive la* luck, say I."

He spoke in a reflective tone, that seemed to be unconscious of her presence. He noted not the expression of horror that swept across her features and blanched her face of every vestige of color. There was something—not in his words, surely—it may have been in his tones and looks—that struck her to the heart with an intense sensation of terror.

"Say no more!" she cried, with a strong appeal in her voice. "Or say all you mean! You have forced a dreadful thought into my mind."

"Banish it then," he answered calmly. "It has no warrant in fact—or in proof, without which fact is of no avail. Your imagination has run ahead of my meaning. I do not like Mr. Benton, and I have been plain with him. That is all. I perceive that his paralysis does not extend to his mind. I am told that he attends strictly to business."

"Yes," she replied, though her mind appeared to wander from the subject of his question.

"Does he see much company?"

"I believe so," she said, forcing herself to attend to him.

"Any strangers?"

"Some strange men have called."

"Gentlemen, or the contrary? Not in dress, I mean, but in soul. Servants have shrewdness on this point. They can easily tell gold from tinsel."

"You have too much faith in their shrewdness," she replied, doubtingly. "But I heard these men pronounced well-dressed, but no gentlemen."

"Have we not fallen into a charming nook, Miss Browning?" he said, with an utter change of manner, all the seriousness vanishing from his face. "The fairies might dance here of moonlit nights. How know I but I may be crushing the mossy throne of Titania?" he rose to his feet and looked merrily upon the flattened moss of his seat.

Her face lost none of its cloud as she gazed in surprise upon him. His change of mood was too sudden to seem natural to her.

"Or mayhap I do the queen of the fairies wrong," he continued gaily. "That wild rose would best serve her for a throne, she needs the swing of the zephyrs, and the perfumed breath of the flower. With Ariel she sings:

> 'Where the bee sips there lurk I,
> In the cowslip bell I lie.'

Did you ever see a fairy, Miss Browning?"

"Not when wide awake," she answered with a slight laugh.

"Neither have I, out of my dreams. I am too wide awake now to believe in such airy nothings. Do you feel inclined to walk? If so let us take a short stroll down the creek. I will try and talk better sense than you think I am talking now."

"I have said nothing of the kind," she said accompanying him down the green path by the shining waters. "You talk as you think, Mr. Lovelace. That is a virtue which I find few to possess."

What more was said in that short stroll, which proved to be a long one, we will not chronicle. The minutes became hours, and still they walked under the verdant trees, and crushed the odorous violets under their unthinking tread, or paused where the bright waters circled in gleaming eddies round some protruding point.

They did not see two sinister eyes that looked upon them from behind the slender stems of a clump of alder bushes. They failed to hear the waters gurgling round the prow of a boat that moved upward against the current, gliding close to shore, and half-hidden by the great green leaves of water plants as it passed them.

They had become too deeply engrossed in each other to be alive to the appeals of nature's beauty, or the sinister movements of man.

It was at the verge of nightfall when he left her, with a "good-night" full of warmth.

They were then a quarter of a mile below where the garden of Vinedell touched the water's edge. He would fain have accompanied her back, but she would not listen to it, saying, with a laugh, that she would trip back as lightly as one of those fairies of whom he was so deeply enamoured.

"It is near their hour hour now," she said, "and their very season. But I fear I'm too heavy to pass current. We have wasted the afternoon, and are, I fancy, none the wiser for it. Good-night then."

She was off, almost as lightly as a fairy. He stood and looked after her, until she disappeared round a wooded curve. He turned then and walked slowly down, toward Dover.

Had he followed her, with the instinct, or the unquenchable desire of the lover for the sight of her he loves, a great evil might have been averted from her.

Lovelace, unloverlike, walked on toward Dover. He saw not the forms that lurked behind the alder bushes as she drew near. He saw not the two ruffians that leaped from behind the bushes as she passed, and that pursued as she endeavored to escape by flight. It was all in vain however, for she was soon overtaken and a twisted bandage tied tightly around her lips.

She could not cry. She could not move. She was lifted in strong arms and placed with little effort in a boat that lay moored below the steep bank.

The shadows of night were upon the waters. The opposite trees cast a long, dense gloom upon them. She looked with frightened eyes into the faces of two stern, bearded men, one of whom held her firmly, and pressed her downward into a sitting position.

All this had passed in a moment. Yet the villains had been seen. A sharp cry from a boyish voice greeted her ear and inspired her with hope.

One of the men leaped from the boat and ran swiftly up the bank. She saw before him, in quick flight, a slender lad. The chase was fearfully exciting to her. On its issue lay she knew not what of hope or of evil to herself.

It was with terror then that she saw the fugitive captured, and saw him borne back struggling and his efforts to give an alarm frustrated by the choking hand of his captor.

He turned a quick, meaning glance upon her, as the man dropped him roughly upon his feet on the bank above the boat.

She recognized the intelligent, though not overly clean, face of the boy who had acted as telegraph messenger for the missing operator, George Downey.

"Shall we put him in the boat?" asked the captor.

"No. We have no room for the uneasy little hound," said the other. "Just tie and gag him, and leave him in that hollow. It will be to-morrow morning, and maybe to-morrow night before he is found. By that time we won't care three chips what he blows."

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THE TWO RUFFIANS LEAPED FROM BEHIND THE BUSHES AS SHE PASSED AND PURSUED HER.

The unhappy maiden looked on with piteous eyes as this cruel plan was carried into effect. How long the poor lad might lie in those cutting bonds, and with the agony of that harsh gag in his mouth, before his sufferings were discovered, who could tell?

Whither she might be borne, or in what dreadful prison immured ere he could give the alarm, she feared to even let herself think.

She sat tearful and agonized as the villains loosed the boat from its fastenings, and it began to slowly drift down, over the darkened waters and through the thickening shadows, bearing her onward to what dreadful fate she could not and dare not let herself conjecture.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TIM SPARK'S TIDINGS.

Little did Lovelace dream of the dark fate that had befallen the lady with whom he had held such long and earnest conversation that sunny afternoon. There was a song in his heart and a warm light in his eyes as he took the path back to the town. Why, he could not have told. A general sense of satisfaction with himself and the world at large was his principal feeling. It had not yet changed from the general to the special. Had he seen the circumstance which we have detailed—had it entered into his imagination that Miss Browning was in the hands of villains—a flame might have sprung up in his heart that would have given life and shape to these vague feelings, and have taught the ruffians the peril of wronging a lover in the first warm gush of love.

But he went homewards, singing quietly, and wondering why the fields, skies and waters looked so specially soft and rich this evening; and what a strange charm the dusky shadows of the trees gave to the green slopes and flowering meadows.

He had engaged to spend that night and the next few days with his friend Sedley, at Melton. Thus it was that he failed to learn the startling tidings that suddenly took wings in the town, and excited a feeling even more intense than that which had so lately overwhelmed them.

The lad who had been left bound by the villains had no thought of staying in such an uncomfortable position. It was a new sensation to him to have constraint put upon his limbs, and a bar to his fluent powers of speech.

They were not yet out of sight ere he began a series of wrigglings and twistings, rollings and general convulsions, that were kept up for several hours almost without cessation.

His captor had tied him hastily, but with great skill in the art of binding, and imagined that he had effectually secured him.

But he did not fully calculate on the powers of a half-grown boy. Two or three hours passed, the evening had long since darkened into dense night, but the lad, instead of quietly yielding to the apparently inevitable, struggled and twisted with as uneasy energy as at first.

It was not altogether for his own sake that this determination was manifested. It would have been no hardship for him to have spent the warm June night on his grassy couch, and he might even have endured his bonds with some degree of patience. But the memory of the abduction he had witnessed, the thought that the unfortunate lady was, every moment, passing beyond the hope of rescue, wrought far more strongly with him than any inconvenience to himself.

Tim was naturally unselfish. He took as warm an interest in the welfare of others as of himself. Miss Browning, in particular, from some kindliness in her manner to him, or from mere boyish fancy, was specially attractive to him; and as he fought with his bonds the thought of her in captivity constantly impelled him to fresh exertions. Nor was such energy without its reward. The tight chord round his wrists gradually relaxed, a knot at length yielded to his exertions, and in a moment more his hand had slipped through its loosened thong.

The wrist was reddened with blood where the sharp chord had cut into the flesh in his fierce struggles; his hands were numb and bloodless. But he was free. His sense of triumph banished from his mind all feeling of pain.

After a few minutes spent in regaining vitality in his freed hand he drew a knife—that most precious treasure of every true boy—from his pocket, and in a moment more the chords which had so long confined him, lay severed upon the ground.

With a thrill whoop of exultation Tim sprang to his feet and started, at full speed, toward the town.

Meanwhile the long absence of Miss Browning had excited alarm at Vinedell. As the night moved on, and thick darkness settled upon the land, the wonder at her non-appearance became fear. She had been seen traversing the gardens towards the creek. One of the servants went in that direction to seek for her, calling loudly, but getting no response.

As another hour passed and she still failed to return, the alarm deepened. None knew exactly what they feared. They could remember no harm coming to any one in that district. But the feminine imagination is fertile in devising causes for uneasiness, and a dozen dreadful disasters were one by one advanced in possible explanation of her prolonged absence.

The housekeeper brought the news in to Mr. Benton as he sat in the easy-chair in his office, intent on examining a mass of papers.

Her story appeared to alarm him as much as it had done her. He had the men servants at once called in to him, and dispatched them in different directions, urging them to search thoroughly for the missing lady, and to make inquiry of every one they met if she had been seen.

His voice and manner showed the deepest earnestness, and every indication of concern; and his orders were given them with an impressiveness full of deep feeling. They started on their bootless search with the thought that Mr. Benton was seriously distressed at the possible danger to his neice, and sought the more earnestly as they felt that they would earn his gratitude by success.

One person was sent to Dover to inquire if, by any unusual whim, she had gone thither, and was spending the evening with some friend in the town.

He only succeeded in conveying the alarm to the town folks, a number of whom returned with him to take part in the effort to find the lost lady.

When all these efforts proved unsuccessful, and not the slightest trace of her could be found in house or field, in woodland or meadow, a sense of fright came upon them deeper than any one had yet felt. The most of the searchers had hoped and imagined that the alarm would prove groundless, and that she would soon appear with some simple and harmless explanation of her absence.

But she appeared not, and hope began to fail, to change to dread in her acquaintances, to terror in her friends.

They had passed, in their search, the hollow in which Tim Sparks lay bound, but he was not able to make his presence known, though plainly hearing their footsteps, and seeing their forms dimly defined against the sky.

When, then, he came with the speed of a young leopard into the town, it was to find the people, late at night as it now was, gathered into knots upon the street eagerly conversing, and with very serious expressions upon their faces.

The apparition of the boy, with his flying hair, disordered clothes, and pale, frightened face, in the light from the open windows of the houses, attracted instant and earnest attention.

Hoarse cries had come from his lips while yet distant. Now he emitted sounds almost inarticulate from the haste and breathlessness of the speaker. One of the men, in his anxiety to learn what ailed him, took him by the shoulders and shook him into something more resembling composure.

Tim at length managed to speak distinctly, and to tell the gathering and eagerly listening crowd what he had seen, and the long-enforced imprisonment he had endured, holding up his bleeding wrists as evidence of his efforts to escape.

A thrill of horror ran through his auditors as they listened to this tale. Their fears seemed more than realized, now that they had taken a definite shape. What could be the object of this abduction? No one could imagine, but all were inclined to put on it the most extreme interpretation.

The father had vanished, with an unknown horror overhanging his name; the daughter was now reft from her home by unknown villains for unimaginable purposes; what wonder that the inhabitants, most of whom had known and respected her for years, many of whom were her acquaintances or friends, grew horror-stricken, and for the time unable to consider any measures in her behalf.

That the villains could now be overtaken seemed hopeless. They had nearly four hours the start, and were probably miles away.

The night was overcast with clouds that had lately gathered. It was near midnight, the roads very dark, and it seemed out of the question to attempt anything till daylight should enable them to use their eyes in the search.

Mr. Benton appeared to think differently. He seemed greatly agitated on hearing of this news. He was yet in his chair and had shown every mark of distress as the night moved on and his ward continued absent.

He now ordered two horses to be prepared and sent two servants out, with directions to make as thorough a search as the darkness would permit, to enquire at every point, and to give the alarm to every one they might meet.

It was his theory that the villains, whatever their object, would seek the mountains, as affording the best opportunities for concealment. He therefore advised them to ride up the course of the creek and make strict inquiries at every point where a road crossed the stream, or a lane ran down to a landing place.

These messengers were absent the whole night, only returning at daybreak. They loved their mistress and searched for her as fully as the gloomy night permitted; but in vain, they could not find the slightest evidence of presence.

CHAPTER XIX.

CAUGHT FROM THE WIRES.

Lovelace had spent the night with his friend Sedley, utterly unaware of the startling event that had so strongly excited the people of Dover.

The two friends "fought their battles over again" the whole evening and half the night through, recalling the events of their wandering life in the past years, when they had strolled in company over a dozen States, and enjoyed, suffered, laughed, and clung together in many a startling scene.

Now the odd fancy of time had again thrown the sundered friends together, Joe Sedley as a staid telegraph operator, John Lovelace as a prodigal son returned in search of his discarded patrimony.

Breakfast over the next morning, Lovelace stepped out for a morning walk, leaving his friend to repair to his office, but promising to call in upon him within an hour or so.

Melton was a very pretty town of some five hundred inhabitants, a green-and-buff village dropped down in the mouth of the valley, and deriving its main importance from its being a station on the railroad that ran up through the vale to the wide gap in the mountain chain beyond.

Six miles westward lay Dover, a town of about double its number of inhabitants. Nearly the same distance to the east lay the city of Martinsville. This was a place of considerable dignity, more from its position as the main centre of the district, than from its size or civic importance.

The railroad was not its only source of growth in population. It lay on a navigable river, which received the waters of Mantua creek some five miles below the city. The creek made a bend, further up its course, to within three miles of the city. At this point it was crossed by a bridge, over which ran the principal road leading into Martinsville.

Sedley's office was in the railroad depot at Melton, his main employment consisting in attending to the business of the road, though he did a certain amount

of telegraphing for the people of the town and district.

Lovelace dropped in on him about ten o'clock. The office was rather private, work not pressing, and good cigars forthcoming.

They leaned back in their chairs, with feet elevated upon the small table in the centre, and puffed voluminous wreaths of smoke into the air above their heads, till a haze of pungent vapor filled the room.

"This is what I call comfort," said Lovelace. "There's riches, there's business, there's love"—puffing out successive wreaths—"all smoke. I have come here like a fool, on a quest for money, I, that had all that money can bring. As for business, is raising corn and carrots on a farm to be compared with raising the wind on the stage? A fig for wealth and steady business, I haven't my wild oats half sown."

"And for your third puff, how do you dispose of that?" asked Ledley. "Love, too, is a breath of cigar smoke, according to your theory. Come, Jack, confess, how often have you yielded to the tender passion, and gone mad as a March hare over a pair of black eyes and a mixture of red and white on a woman's cheek?"

"Often, Joe, often," answered Lovelace, coolly. "I have been taken that way a number of times, and before large audiences. When I was Benedick, for instance, I won a very handsome Beatrice by the simple power of my charms and Shakspeare's words."

"That is a sheer begging of the question," answered Sedley. "I cannot say that I have ever seen you turn red under a woman's glance, unless the red was laid on in advance. But I cannot tell what fluttering of the heart there may have been. I am free to confess that I have been a dozen times under the influence of the tender passion, and am this minute the helpless victim of a laughing face and a shower of black curls. You are under confession now, and I will have no evasions."

"I am heart whole," said Lovelace. "I have been too long under the battery of eyes and tongues to be easily captured. The Helens and Cleopatras of old have no representatives in our age, or else—"

"Or else you are not a Paris or an Antony."

"Just so."

"What keeps you here then? Your property is lost till you can get new evidence of your identity; and you despise it anyhow. You abhor a steady livelihood, and pine for the charms of the footlights and a roving life. What keeps you here in a humdrum village?"

"Maybe it is because I have found an old friend in Joe Sedley."

"No, no, Jack; that cat won't jump. If I wore a bustle and a bonnet it would answer, but not for a pair of number nine boots and a beaver. I want a better reason."

"Well, my lad," said Lovelace, shifting his position a little uneasily, "it is between acts with me just now. I am taking a rest and waiting for the call boy."

"It won't do, Jack; there are eyes, black or blue, at the bottom of all this. Who is she? You had best make a clean breast of it."

"You are as prying as a quarter sessions lawyer," answered Lovelace, lighting a fresh cigar to cover a possible influx of color to his face. "I have an object here, and it may detain me for some time. But you are not on my track."

"What track is it?"

"This murder trial. The probable murder of my father's friend and my guardian calls, I think, for some action on my part. I am not without suspicions in connection with the matter. But I have no satisfactory proofs as yet, and suspicions without proofs are—another puff of smoke."

"The woman! the woman! her name?" cried Sedley, laughing. "This were all very well if I had not known you of old. It won't go down. I want the name and a faithful description of the charmer that has nailed you a month in one place."

"Her name and address, eh?" said Lovelace, puffing slowly away and sending the smoke in curling lines upwards. "And I suppose what color ribbon she prefers, and how she does up her back hair? But don't let me keep you from business. Your machine is clicking away there like a two-forty racehorse."

"Yes," answered Sedley, without turning his head. "Only a message passing. Nothing for me."

"A message passing? Then what is your instrument rattling away at that rate for? I have noticed it half a dozen times, and you paying no attention to it."

"There has been no signal for me," answered Sedley, carelessly. "Every message has to pass through all the instruments on the line; unless we break the connection, which we don't usually take the trouble to do."

"Then this rattling and clicking, to which you pay no attention, only shows that somebody on one side of you is talking to somebody on the other?"

"Yes. New York is this minute telling Rochester the price of Erie. Five minutes ago I heard Martinsville say to Binghampton that Sarah was married yesterday and would be there on Thursday."

"I don't quite understand. Do you mean to say that you can read the messages as they pass, and know all that is going over the wires?"

"Exactly. When I take the trouble, which is not very often. The matter has become an old song to me, and the telegraph talk is peculiarly stupid and uninteresting."

"I should think you would find it amusing."

"It is business, and is therefore a bore. Besides we deal largely in contractions, which are not worth studying out, except they come to myself. Many, too, telegraph in cypher, when they have anything important to send. Now I never attempted to work out a cypher in my life, and it is all Greek to me."

"There I can beat you. I have had some practice at it," said Lovelace. "There it clicks again. What is being said now?"

"Martinsville is signaling Dover to prepare for a message."

"Ah! Well, now give me a specimen of your powers. Read the message for me."

"It is to Mr. Harvey Benton," said Sedley, taking pencil and paper in his hand.

"The devil it is!" cried Lovelace, springing to his feet so suddenly as to overturn his chair. "Go on. Don't mind me. Don't lose a word of it."

Sedley indeed seemed to need the utmost attention to catch the passing message. He wrote it down carefully, letter by letter, listening intently to the instrument.

The Dover operator seemed to be similarly troubled. He stopped the message several times, and telegraphed back for a repetition.

When it finally ceased, Sedley drew a breath of relief.

"I never took a more troublesome thing off the wires," he said. "It is a cypher, and, to all appearance, with as much meaning as the alphabet would have if thrown out of a dice box."

"Read it," said Lovelace.

"Read it! I would have to stand on my head and tie a bow knot in my tongue. I must beg to decline. I will write it off in better shape, and I would like to hear you read it."

Lovelace gazed with astonishment and dismay at the apparently meaningless message that was given him to read. It was couched in a troublesome-looking cypher, and ran as follows:

"ojj sobopo hxo ixaigop ao hbkcool ch hxo ajl ibaf ap hxo bsq mw fabl rojj janojw ch hxo rabeh exsh melo jopl ch vagoe cpl c xcplesmo maspjauxh bkp smob gajj eoo wak hkoelow. dcgo."

"Well," cried he, drawing a long breath, "if that is not the alphabet run mad, then I know nothing about Choctaw."

"I fancy you would find that a riddle a little beyond your powers," answered Sedley. "It might answer for Hungarian or Welsh."

"I don't imagine that there would be much trouble in reading it," said Lovelace. "If it was all run together it might be a puzzle. But divided off into words, as it is, I would engage to give you its meaning in ten minutes."

"That is pure brag. You can't do it," said the operator, taking the message from his hands and attentively examining it. "In any case we are upon our honor not to make use of the contents of dispatches, so you had better not meddle with it."

"See here, Joe," replied Lovelace. "Suppose you knew that a message was passing from one confounded rascal to another doubtful customer, and that you could stop deviltry by reading it. How then?"

"When that time comes I will use my judgment how to act."

"It is my notion that it is such a time now. My private opinion of Mr. Harvey Benton is that he is as deep a villain as ever wore shoe leather. It looks suspicious to me his receiving secret messages. He has a creature of his own, too, in the office at Dover. Do you know, Joe Sedley, that I shrewdly suspect him of being mixed up somehow in this murder, or whatever it was, at Dover?"

"The deuce you do!"

"I certainly do, though I don't see yet just how to nail him in it. It is that which is keeping me at Dover."

"Ah! Not a girl then?" answered Sedley, laughing. "So I was widely off the track in judging that you were a victim to Cupid."

He was interrupted by the entrance of a person into the office.

"Morning, Joe," said this person, with a short nod. "Heard the news from Dover?".

"What news?" asked Sedley.

"It's a queer business. Dover is waking up these times. One would think that a murder was enough to last them awhile."

"But what has happened now?"

"The daughter of Mr. Browning—the supposed murderer, you know—disappeared last night. They've tried hard to find her, but she is still among the missing."

Lovelace started to his feet with an exclamation that was next door to an oath.

"Disappeared? How? When?" he cried. "I saw her, myself, yesterday, just before dark."

"Where was that?"

"By the creek. Near her house."

"She never came home. They have been looking for her half the night, but can find no trace."

"And is nothing known? Nothing?" cried Lovelace, with a half groan.

Sedley looked at the excited man, a faint smile crossing his face.

"Yes. There was a boy saw her carried off by two men, in a boat, down the creek. They tied and gagged this boy, and it was near midnight before he got loose. By that time the rascals were out of reach."

"The boy's name?"

"Sparks, I believe they call him."

"I know him," said Lovelace.

The news seemed to have greatly excited him. His face was flushed, and he strode the floor with a nervous tread. Sedley looked at him with a mixture of concern and amusement.

Their visitor left after a few words more, anxious, perhaps, to spread his news farther.

"So, my lad," said Sedley, "the cat is out, at last. This is the maiden fair, with golden hair. Cupid has hit you from that quarter."

"I like the girl," said Lovelace, somewhat hotly. "I am not in love with any body just now, man or woman; not even John Lovelace."

"I understand. You like her only. That's all."

"There's some infernal rascality afloat, man, and I am bound to root it out. I am not the man to leave an innocent child like this in the hands of ruffians. What's more, I've got myself to look out for."

"In what way? Is anybody likely to run away with you?"

"I think so," answered Lovelace. "Sit down here. I wish to talk this matter over with you."

"In a minute. There's a signal for me. Wait till I see what is wanted."

While Sedley was receiving and replying to a message, his friend occupied himself in striding half wildly about the office, occasionally seating himself for a moment, but instantly springing up again and resuming his nervous wandering. He was obviously very seriously affected by the abduction of the lady, in whom he had been trying to convince himself that he took only a simple interest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPEAK kindly in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day, and makes the household and all its affairs move along more smoothly. Speak kindly at night; for it may be that, before the dawn, some loved one may finish his or her space of life for this world, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

LOVE can excuse anything except meanness; but meanness kills love, and cripples even natural affection.

MY WORK.

BY DELMADI.

To sit with folded hands
From day to day,
Counting Life's fleeting sands,
Gliding away;
To count the moments left me,
The days to come
Ere these pale lips shall be
Forever dumb.

To sit with longing eyes
Turn'd to the West,
To know that Summer skies
Will bring me rest;
To feel that Summer rain
Will fall on me
Lying from care and pain
Forever free.

To look back on the Past
With smiles and tears;
(For oh! too bright and fast
Have sped my years;)
To wait the hand of Death;
To watch Life's setting sun
Sinking so fast—a breath—
And work is done.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

SYNOPSIS.

This story began in No. 34 of the POST, and as we are almost out of back numbers we have condensed the first part of it, for our new readers. The scene opens in Combhollow, a quiet, sleepy old town on the eastern coast of England. It is August, and a storm is coming up. There is a crowd of fishermen gathered in front of the Ring of the Bells public house. It is soon discovered that the Squire's son has gone out in his little sloop, and is anxiously expected home. Suddenly a patch of white sail, ghastly white against the leaden sky, glimmered on the edge of the sea. All eyes are anxiously watching it. It is the Dolphin (the squire's boat). Joshua Haggard, the Methodist minister at Little Bethel, was a strong influence in Combhollow, and he is standing with the crowd, watching the sea. The fishermen are afraid to go to the assistance of the young man, and Joshua goes alone, and saves him just as he has been upset, and almost dead he brings him to land and takes him at once to his own house, where he carries on a business in dry goods, groceries, etc., in addition to his pastoral duties, and where he lives with his sister Judith, daughter Naomi, and son Jamie. Here Oswald Pentreath is, by the help of Aunt Judith, brought to life again.

Aunt Judith is very strict. Naomi very pretty, but good. Jamie a good-natured boy, full of life and fond of fun. The Squire is rich, but very close and mean. Young Pentreath is generous and open-hearted, and is evidently pleased with Naomi. These are the only characters that have figured at all prominently thus far, and we now, having very briefly introduced you to the story, will let you read it in Miss Braddon's own inimitable style.

CHAPTER III.

FATHER AND SON.

It was not a bright or cheerful home to which Oswald Pentreath returned that August evening, after eating his supper at Mr. Haggard's. Nay, it is possible that if he had not supped with the minister he might have gone supperless to bed, for it was no easy thing to get a meal at the Grange after nine o'clock.

The house stood midway between the hilly high-road from Rockmouth and the edge of the cliff, in grounds that were rather wilderness than park, save immediately in front of the house, so little being done to keep them in order. Beautiful exceedingly were those gardens and woods nevertheless—lovely in their wildness and neglect; the blue sea shining through every break in the foliage; ferns and wild-flowers flourishing abundantly in the mild western climate; and a flush and glow of color on all things.

The house was large and gloomy, and had been lapsing to decay during the last forty years, in which period there had been scarcely forty pounds expended upon repairs or renovation. Happily the old oak panelling could be kept bright with labor, and that, to the extent of his opportunities, the Squire never spared. The sparely-furnished rooms were neatly kept. The scanty draperies were free from accumulated dust or flue.

The house was as clean as it was comfortless, save in that one sacred chamber, the Squire's study—a little room next the hall-door, a closet of espial, from which the Squire saw every one who entered or quitted the house. Here reigned dust and disorder; here the spider spun his web, and the moth deposited her eggs; here the half-starved beetle fled for refuge, and the famished mouse nibbled the wainscot. Only at long intervals, and after deliberate preparation, did the Squire permit this study to be cleaned. As a preliminary measure he cleared away and locked up every morsel of paper, every parchment, account, or memorandum-book. At other times he simply locked the door of the chamber on leaving it, and carried the key in his pocket.

Miserly as the arrangements of the household were, it was kept up with a faint simulation of a gentleman's establishment. There was an old man who was called the butler, who had an underfed boy, an orphan nephew of his own—no one else would have stayed—for his underling. There was a cook and housekeeper, who sent up fairly eatable dinners—the Squire rather leaning to a good dinner, on condition that he got it cheap. There was a middle-aged housemaid of severe aspect, who spent her days in cleaning the great desolate-looking rooms and little trodden staircases, and who seemed from long habit to have grown fond of cleaning for its own sake, as men are fond of athletics.

Out-of-doors there was a handy man, who looked after the horses, the poultry, and did a little gardening in that cultivated portion of the grounds immediately surrounding the house, with the occasional assistance of a boy or a day laborer. Out of this minimum household the Squire got the maximum of work, and perhaps there was no house within fifty miles better kept than the Grange, and no neater garden than the Dutch flower beds, narrow paths, and quincunxes in front of the Squire's study. Was not the master's eye upon the gardener, or the gardener's help, while he worked—an eye that threatened summary vengeance upon idlers?

The Squire looked out of his study as Nicholas the butler admitted Oswald at the hall door. There was no gush of affection on the side of father or son, though the life of one of the two had been in mortal peril since they parted. Mr. Pentreath scrutinized his son through his spectacles, perhaps to make sure that he was sober.

"So you've lost your boat?" he remarked, after the scrutiny.

"Yes, father."

"Unlucky—for you. You don't expect to get another, I suppose?"

"I never expect anything."

"So much the better for you," grunted the Squire. "So it was the Methodist parson pulled you out of the water? Canting hound! I daresay he expected to get something by it."

"I don't think he did," answered the young man coolly. "He knew I belonged to you."

The father contemplated his son doubtfully for a few moments, but made no reply. He held one of the tall silver candlesticks in his hand as he stood on the threshold of his den. There was no other light in the hall. The oil lamp which hung from the ceiling had been extinguished at ten o'clock.

"You've had your supper, I suppose?" he inquired, with paternal hospitality.

"Yes, father."

"That's lucky for you. Nicholas cleared the table an hour ago. You'd better go to bed and take a good night's rest."

"Good-night, father."

"Good-night. And don't stay out so late again, keeping Nicholas up, and wasting candle."

"All right, father; it shan't occur again. A man is not on the point of drowning every day in the year."

Oswald took a chamber candle from the side-table in the hall, and lighted it from the candle in his father's hand. Very dissimilar were the faces of the two men as they confronted each other across the flame. The younger face delicately chiseled, with complexion inclining to pallor, dark gray eyes, wavy auburn hair—a face with something of womanly softness in its beauty; with a touch of melancholy, too, as if it belonged to one who had little happiness.

The Squire's was your true miser's face—pinched and hard. The eyes small, and set too near each other; the nose hooked and birdy: the thin lips inclining downward at the corners. Exposure to all kinds of weather had dried his skin like a russet apple, shrivelled by long keeping. The air which had given softness and delicacy to the son's complexion, had tanned the father's to the semblance of leather. His lean jaws had a knack of working with a curious muscular motion—as if he were munching something or talking to himself—at odd times. They worked to-night, as Oswald lighted his candle. It was a sign of displeasure on the Squire's part.

"I think I gave you fifty pounds towards that boat," he said, presently.

"We're neither of us likely to forget the circumstance, for it was the only fifty pounds you ever gave me in your life," answered Oswald.

"Don't be insolent, sir. Fifty pounds—fifty pounds gone to the bottom of the sea, through your folly and bad seamanship."

"You needn't make yourself unhappy about that. The loss is mine."

"No, sir, it is not," answered the old man, fiercely. "The loss is mine. The money was mine—the fruit of my care and economy. The loss is mine. Fifty pounds—one quarter's rent of Withycomb Farm—gone forever. Fifty pounds at compound interest—do you know what that would have been fifty years hence?"

"Haven't the least idea. As I never have had any principal, I can't be expected to know much about interest."

"You're a fool!" exclaimed the Squire, turning on his heel. "Go to bed, before I lose my temper."

Oswald went up-stairs without another word, glad to escape any further reproof. He had a bedchamber that was spacious, and to his mind sufficiently comfortable, though it would have seemed bare as a dungeon to the sybarite. The deep-set windows looked seaward; there was a four-post bedstead, wide enough for four, with chintz curtains, faded and attenuated by much washing; there was an old bookcase which contained Oswald's meagre collection—Milton, Shakespeare, Byron, Shelley, an odd volume of Wordsworth, a few of the classics, Robinson Crusoe, Tom Jones, Roderick Random, The Adventures of a Guinea, and three or four volumes of the British Drama. A carved oak table at which he wrote, a dozen high-backed chairs, more or less rotten, and a clumsy walnut-wood wardrobe, made up the catalogue of furniture.

Over the high chimney-piece hung the single picture of the room—a half-length portrait of Oswald Pentreath's mother, dead thirteen years ago. The portrait had been painted before Mrs. Pentreath's marriage—an innocent, girlish face, curiously like Oswald's in feature and expression; a girlish figure, in a scanty white gown, with a lapful of flowers; one of those old-fashioned pictures that feebly recall the style of Reynolds and Gainsborough.

Oswald was tired, but in no humor for sleep. He had slept off his drowsiness in the minister's tranquil chamber, so he walked up and down the room thinking of the day's work, and wondering whether his escape from the mighty jaws of the sea was a thing to rejoice about.

"I suppose life is better than death," he said to himself, and then involuntarily repeated those words which depicture all humanity's abhorrence of death:

"'To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
Tis sensible, warm, motion to become
A knotted clod.'

"Yes; I suppose in the abstract, life is better. If I only knew what to do with mine! Yet some people would tell me I am a man to be envied, having a father who scrapes, and pinches, and toils to enrich an estate which, in the course of nature, must fall to me. Yes; but the course of nature is very slow in some cases. Heaven forbid that I should desire to see the old man's life shortened by so much as an hour; but it's a long vista to look at."

The young man was up betimes next morning and in the stable. Having lost his yacht, he had now only his horse to care about, a bony, long-legged, long-backed hunter, with an ugly head, but a good jumper, and with plenty of go in him. The brute was not spoiled by over-feeding, but was gratified with a greater variety of food than usually falls to the lot of his species, the Squire expecting his stable to fatten on the waste of his garden. In the apple season, Herne the Hunter eat so many windfalls that he converted himself into a kind of animated cider-press.

He was an affectionate beast, licked his young master's face when they interchanged greetings, and would have followed him about like a dog, if allowed. Next to a sail in the Dolphin, Oswald loved a scamper across country on Herne, the Hunter; up hill and down dale, reckless of the ground he went over, possessed with a conviction that Herne's experience and pluck would pull him through. There was no clear idea of the animal's age at the Grange. He had got beyond mark of mouth when the Squire bought him out of a stage-coach, whose owner sold him cheaply on account of a habit of bolting, which had once exercised a demoralizing influence on the rest of the team. Oswald had ridden anything he could get to ride, ever since he exchanged petticoats for trousers, from a Flemish work-horse to a thoroughbred colt; and to Oswald, Herne the Hunter was a most valuable acquisition. He had every vice that a horse can have, linked with one virtue, he was a rusher across country. Oswald hunted him four days a week in the winter, and rode or drove him every other day in summer, and the two were devoted to each other.

An ancient white pony, which the Squire drove himself in a shandrydan of the chaise tribe, completed the Pentreath stud, and these two beasts inhabited stables designed for the accommodation of sixteen hunters and four carriage-horses. Mr. Pentreath had put pigs and oxen into several of the loose boxes, and had converted one of the fine old coach-houses into a barn. The stable-yard was a stony wilderness, in which the poultry roamed in savage freedom. One small boy took care of the two horses, under the ubiquitous handyman, and presented a curious picture of man's dominion over the brute creation, when he was seen lugging that huge beast, Herne, out of the stable by a bridle which the brat could hardly reach on tiptoe.

"Good old Herne," said Oswald, as the long-legged animal stalked out into the yard, with his well-worn saddle; "you'll have to carry me a little oftener, my steed, now I've lost the Dolphin."

He swung himself lightly into the saddle, and rode out of the yard into the shrubbery on one side of the house, a jungle of laurel, arbutus, and bay, lying beyond that narrow region of Dutch garden, bowling-green, and *pleasaunce* which the Squire required to be kept in order. A bridle-way through the shrubbery led into the park, which was more like a wood than a park; and a dilapidated fence, with occasional yawning gaps in it, divided the park from the actual woodland, which sheltered the Grange from north-east winds and wintry gales blowing across channel.

There are plenty of pleasant drives round about Combhollow, which small town lies in a deep cleft between hills as picturesque as the Trossachs, though on a smaller scale than those Scottish mountains. Not having any particular object in this before-breakfast ride, Oswald let his horse go his own way, or fancied he did, and Herne's way was through the hilly High street, where, at half-past seven o'clock, the business of life was already in full swing.

The first house of any importance on the left hand side of the street was Joshua Haggard's. How bright and fresh the plain square dwelling seemed to Oswald's eye, after the ruined majesty of the Grange stables. Every window was opened wide to the sweet morning air, spotless muslin curtains fluttered within, and between those snowy draperies, Oswald caught a sight of a girl's dark head, bending over a row of flower-pots.

Breakfast was over at Mr. Haggard's, and that spiritual light, Joshua himself, was to be seen in the orderly store, ministering to the temporal wants of his flock by packing a large parcel of groceries in stout brown paper, and seemingly as careful to make the bundle as secure and compact as if he had been one of those pious Jews who, for pure love of the holy work, strove to re-erect Solomon's Temple. Aunt Judith was busy in her own special department, the drapery business, sorting packets of hooks and pink papers of pins in various little wooden boxes and drawers, her forehead wrinkled into the frown of absorbed attention.

Oswald drew the rein at the store door, much to the annoyance of Herne, who was apt to be cross-grained at starting eager for the refreshment of a stretching gallop.

"Good-morning, Mr. Haggard," cried the young man; "none the worse for your wetting yesterday, I trust."

"No, sir, thank you. I'm glad to see you abroad so early. You caught no cold, I hope?"

"Thanks to Miss Haggard's good nursing, none whatever. Oh, by-the-way, I have to thank you for sending round my clothes the first thing this morning. I told our boy to carry back the suit you so kindly lent me, but service at the Grange is rather slow."

"There's no hurry, sir."

There was a marked difference in manner between the minister of last night, anxious to exhort and even reprove, and the grocer of this morning. Joshua, in his shop, was the tradesman, deferential to the son of his patron and customer, Squire Pentreath. Not that the Squire was by any means a good customer. There were farmers' households among the hills and valleys between Combhollow and Rockmouth that consumed three times as much as Mr. Pentreath's shrunken establishment.

Oswald patted Herne's long neck, smoothed his disordered mane, and trifled with curb and snaffle for a few minutes, as if inclined to linger, yet hardly knowing what more to say.

A nice-looking young fellow on horseback, even Judith was compelled to own; and Judith, dwelling among a Conservative people, was at heart an unconscious Radical. She derived her Radicalism from Jeremiah and Isaiah—by much dwelling upon those denunciatory passages in which the prophets scourge as with a whip of scorpions the sins and follies of earth's mighty ones—instead of taking the poison from Wilkes or Horne Tooke; but it was rank Radicalism all the same. She regarded the good old families, the patrician order of her neighborhood, with a grudging mind and a jaundiced eye. She had that mistaken and distorted pride which reckons superiority of education as an injury, or even an insult, to the more humbly placed. Yet looking askance at Oswald Pentreath this morning, while pretending to be in deep consideration of the little paper packets, Judith confessed to herself that he was of a different breed to the young tradesmen and farmers' sons of the district. He was not handsomer or better-built, healthier or stronger; he had only the superiority of grace and refinement, other looks, other tones and inflections of voice, another way of holding himself. The difference was indefinable, but it was an all-pervading difference in form and expression.

The dark gray eyes with their auburn lashes, fair skin inclining to pallor, long nose slightly aquiline, thin lips close shaven, auburn whiskers, auburn hair, tall slight figure, might have recalled a portrait of that golden age for wit and beauty—and no other virtue under the sun—the reign of Charles the Second. There was all the grace and all the weakness which characterized the gilded youth of that era in Oswald Pentreath's appearance. Judith did not look deep enough for this, but she perceived a certain effeminacy which offended her, and she was not slow to express her opinion when Oswald had obliged Herne by proceeding up the street—a progress to which Herne imparted a good deal of unnecessary clattering of hoofs, and a rocking-horse movement across the road highly alarming to the small children playing in the gutter.

"I hate a fop," said Judith, decisively, her approval of last night modified by her morning temper, which always inclined to acidity.

"I don't think young Pentreath deserves your dislike on that score," answered Joshua, calmly pursuing his avocation behind the opposite counter. "He doesn't wear fine clothes, and he has no expensive habits that ever I heard of."

"For a good reason—he hasn't the money for either. But take my word for it, he'll dress himself out like a peacock, and spend his money like a lord, as soon as ever the old Squire is in his grave. I could see it all in the droop of his eyelids."

"You must be a shrewder reader of character than I, Judith, to see so much in so little," returned Joshua, with his quiet smile—a smile that had a certain loftiness of expression, as if he surveyed Judith's womanly weaknesses from an altitude, as one looks down on the petty life of a village from the mighty solitude of a mountain-top; "for my part, I rather take to the young man."

"I don't," protested Judith, shutting one of the little drawers with a slam. "He's too pretty for my money. I never could abide a pretty man. I might have been married when I was seven-and-twenty, if I'd cared for prettiness. There was young Chandler, the miller's son, with a complexion like a girl, and always on the simper, asked me times and often, but I used to come over as if I'd been eating too much treacle at the mere sight of him. His good looks made me bilious. What a life I should have led him, to be sure, if I had gone against my inside so far as to say yes—a poor pink and white thing like that lolloping about the place, and making believe to be a man."

"Yet it was a strong-minded woman married him for all that, Judith."

"Very lucky for him. If he'd married a weak-minded one they'd have lost themselves and gone to sleep in the woods one day, and the robin redbreasts would have covered 'em up with leaves and madean end of 'em."

CHAPTER IV.

WOOD AND WILDERNESS.

The loss of the Dolphin weighed heavily upon Oswald Pentreath's spirits. His days seemed to him longer, his life altogether lost brightness and color, now that he was without his yacht. Love of the sea was innate in him, and his happiest hours had been spent in cruising round the romantic coast of his native county, making a summer voyage to the wilder Cornish cliffs, where Tintagel's ruined tower breasts the angry winds, or going as far afield as the Lizard or the Land's End.

The yacht being gone he felt his occupation gone with her, and for the first time in his life realized the fact that he was an idler. He had no profession, no hope of a career; he was absolutely without ambition. His future was marked out for him. In the fulness of time his father would drop into the grave, decaying as gradually as the old elms in the park, which shed their rotten old limbs one by one till the hollow trunks stood up leafless and shorn, breasting the wintry blast, sylvan images of the tenacity with which crippled age holds on to life. The Squire would die, and Pentreath would belong to Oswald—a goodly estate, improved by half a century of economy and good management. That was Oswald's future.

There was not much love between father and son, and the young man's calculations were not troubled by any sentimental considerations. He was too good-natured to desire his father's death—he only told himself that it was an event which must happen in due course, and that it would change the color of his own existence. By the time he was about forty he would most likely inherit the land, and then Arnold could cease those wanderings of his from sea to sea, and come back to his boyhood's home.

They had been loving brothers in the days before Arnold, stung to the quick by his father's brutal punishment of some boyish offence ran away to London, and got himself a berth on a merchant ship bound for Bombay. Arnold's name had never crossed the Squire's lips since the day of his flight, but the brothers had corresponded faithfully, and once in three or four months a letter from some foreign port informed Oswald of Arnold's wanderings.

The boy had prospered, and at three-and-twenty the Squire's second son was first mate on board an East Indian clipper ship—a hard life, he told Oswald, but it suited him, and the owners would make him captain before he was six-and-twenty. He had saved one of their ships by his good seamanship, when her captain had been knocked on the head by a falling spar and lay powerless in his berth, and he stood high in the favor of the firm.

"It's a better life than you lead at the Grange, my dear boy," wrote the sailor; "but as you are to be commander there by and by, it's best you should stick to the ship. I see the world, men, and manners; while you might as well be one of the seven sleepers, for all you see of the changes and chances of this life. However, I fancy that sleepy kind of existence suits you. You always took things easier than I."

Severance had done little to lessen affection, and Oswald's pleasantest fancy about the days when he should be master was the thought of Arnold's return.

"I'll have the finest yacht between this and the Solent," said Oswald, "and Arnold shall be skipper. I'll give him a thousand a year, and when he marries he shall have the prettiest homestead on the estate, and fifty acres of pleasure-farm rent free. There has been hoarding pinching enough for one century in this family; Arnold and I will enjoy life."

It was a pity so pleasant a day-dream

could not be realized now in the bloom and freshness of life's morning. A man's ideas of happiness alter as the day wears on. They become more complex, take a wider range, yet centre more narrowly in self.

Deprived of his yacht, and at a loss what to do with himself when he was not riding Herne the Hunter, Oswald took to wandering about the woods and hills in a dreamy way, with a volume of poems in one pocket and a sketchbook and pencil in the other. He had some talent as a draughtsman—a facile delicate touch, and an innate love of the beautiful—which made it sweet to him to sit for a couple of hours before a group of ferns growing in the clefts of a stone wall, reproducing every curve and feathery undulation with his pencil.

His love of poetry was also innate, and just as he tried to reproduce the ferns and trees, and flowers and crags, and glimpses of the sea caught through some opening in the woods, so he tried, in a dimmer and less artistic manner, to echo the great singer of his time, whose harp's last notes yet hung in the air, and whose recent death was felt like heart-wound by the young hearts that had yielded him homage that was akin to worship.

In secret and at odd times of his idle life Oswald's sense of something wanting in existence forced itself into rhyme—verses to be kept in his pocket-book and reperused occasionally with a blush. A man moderately gifted might have been made a poet by the rich loveliness of Nature round and about Combhollow, and by a life of dreamy idleness like Oswald's; but it must be confessed that the Squire's son never rose above the rhymester of Pocket Magazines, Caskets, and Wreaths, who addresses his plaintive uerses to Celia on her marriage with a happier rival, or indites a monody on the death of the Princess Charlotte.

Pleasant though, even for one who had but poetic tastes without poetic power, to lie at ease among the ferns in Pentreath Wood and read "Manfred or the Corsair."

So was Oswald lying one August afternoon, a week after his rescue from drowning, when he heard a boy's shrill voice ringing clear through the wood, and then the rustle of a woman's dress, and anon a sweeter voice than the lad's treble, exclaiming at the beauty of the ferns:

"We have none like these in our wilderness, Jim; you must get me some of these," said the voice.

Oswald was on his feet in a moment. He had recognized the tones of the minister's daughter. She had a lovely speaking voice, round and full, like her father's voice softened to match her womanhood.

"Are you fern-hunting, Miss Haggard?" he asked after they had shaken hands.

"We are very fond of ferns, Jim and I," she answered, standing before him shyly, as if she hardly knew whether to stop or pass on after that first greeting.

Jim stuck his stick into the ground, and flung all his weight upon it, as if he was going to throw himself upon his sword like a noble Roman, or was meditating how that kind of suicide was done.

"Speak for yourself, Naomi," he said, jerking himself upright again; "I don't care for 'em, and they're precious hard to dig up. I have all the work, and you have all the glory. She teased father to give her a bit of waste ground on the other side of our orchard, you know," he went on explanatorily to Oswald, "and she's planted it with ferns and primroses, and St. John's wort and periwinkle, and a lot of trumpery, and calls it a wilderness; and a nice life she leads me, hunting for weeds and such like. I should plant something good to eat if I had a bit of ground. Aunt Judith may well call it folly. Naomi's Folly, I call the place."

"Don't be unkind, Jim. You've spent many a pleasant hour there reading."

"Yes, when I could catch hold of a stunning good story like 'Rob Roy,' or 'Caleb Williams,' or the 'Mysteries of Udolpho.' It's a nice place to get out of aunt Judith's way I grant. It's too far off the shop and the till for her to come bothering."

"It must be a delightful place, I should think," said Oswald, admiring the girl's glowing face, framed in a cottage bonnet of coarsest straw. "Won't you sit down and rest a little after your walk, Miss Haggard?"

"I will," cried James, throwing himself at full length on the grass; "we were pretty well baked on the road before we got in here. It's a jolly place, this wood of yours."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RAINS.

BY S. A. M.

Raining to-day. "Into each life some rain must fall," sings the poet. True, alas, too true; for, unfortunately, man can't choose always his place of shelter,—and the sort of rain he will have. In the quiet valley he fears the deluge, on the plain the tornado ever threatens, while if he climbs the mountain he must look out for "contending tempests" on his "naked head."

Oh, if he could but choose! The rain that leaves him cold, wet, mud-bespattered, and sublimely cross, he would never have. The rain that pelts unrelentingly his Sunday suit and best beaver when he is half way to dearest Susan's, he would never have. The rain of pitchforks, and all similar rains, he would never, never have. Oh, no; typical of the rains he would have should be such as might fall while he had in his possession an umbrella belonging to dearest Susan's father, or rain that would come "dancing to the earth;" a rain that while it would endanger neither property nor life, would yet seem to necessitate the return of that umbrella. Then, while sitting at Susan's side he would pray for just such a rain as the parson prayed for: "Oh, Lord, let it come drivvle, drovvle; drovvle, drovvle; drivvle, drovvle;" a rain that would fill his heart with deepest content and happiness; a rain that would make him say of all rains, whether falling into life or out of it:

"I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom;
Enough of it at the end of all,
A little garden blossom."

THE art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please, and within the reach of the humblest. The teacher who would be successful must cultivate the gift.

IN the education of children, bodily health should have primary attention. The tree of knowledge should be grafted with the tree of life.

THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD.

O, the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise!
True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days;
Bare floors were strewn with rushes, the walls 'set in the cold;
O, how they must have shivered in those pleasant days of old!

O, those ancient lords of old, how magnificent they were!
They threw down and imprisoned kings—to thwart them who might dare?
They ruled the serfs right sternly; they took from Jews their gold—
Above both law and equity were those great lords of old!

O, the gallant knights of old, for their valor so renowned!
With sword and lance and armor strong they scoured the country round;
And whenever aught to tempt them they met by wood or wold,
By right of sword they seized the prize—those gallant knights of old!

O, the gentle dames of old! who, quite free from fear or pain,
Could gaze on joust and tournament, and see their champions slain;
They lived on good beef steaks and ale, which made them strong and bold—
O, more like men than women were those gentle dames of old.

O, the troubadours of old! with the gentle minstrelsie
Of hope and joy, or deep despair, which e'er their lot might be;
For years they served their lady loves ere they their passion told—
O, wondrous patience must have had those troubadours of old!

O, those blessed times of old, with their chivalry and state!
I love to hear their chronicles, which such brave deeds relate;
I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their legions told—
But, Heaven be thanked! I live not in those blessed times of old.

MARRYING A PRINTER.

BY FANNIE A. STALL ALDEN.

"Oho! Kate! What does *this* mean?" And Mrs. Nelson turned smilingly toward a fair blue-eyed girl who sat sewing by one of the sitting-room windows. The speaker held in her hands a dainty bouquet of fresh buds and blossoms, which pleasant-faced Nancy had just received at the front door for "Miss Kate."

"For *me*? Oh, aunty, how lovely!" And the contents of a pretty work-basket were scattered unheeded over the floor, as the young girl sprang up, with hands extended to receive the treasures.

"Yes, for you, pussy. To whom are you indebted for the gift, pray?"

"I wish I knew," was the musing reply, as Kate proceeded to loosen the confining ribbon and place her flowers in water. Well might the maiden exclaim at their beauty. Fragrant tuberoses, starry jessamine, drooping fuchsias, and pure pond lillies, set in sprays of fern and moss. Strange grouping of flowers, and yet how exquisite. So thought Kate Waldron, seating herself near the table on which she had placed the flowers in order to inhale their fragrance as she worked.

"I'll tell you what *I* think, Kate," exclaimed her black eyed Cousin Lucy, "those flowers come from Esquire Dunlere's, I'm sure of it."

"And why from Esquire Dunlere's, Lucy?" queried Kate, raising a pair of wondering eyes to her cousin's face.

"A good reason 'why,' miss innocence," laughed Lucy. "There are no such flowers to be had in this village as those in Esquire Dunlere's greenhouses. I know, because I've seen them; so have you; and I wonder that you don't think as I do about it. The new Squire has been expected home for some weeks, but time flies, and he hasn't been seen as yet. Papa called there yesterday or day before, thinking the gentleman had arrived, but was disappointed."

"I wish Esquire Dunlere *had* sent them," quietly remarked Mrs. Nelson.

"Why, Aunty?"

"Because, love, he is said to be a very superior young man, and I should rather like to see my bonny Kate installed as mistress of the Dunlere mansion," replied her aunt.

"You shouldn't wish me to marry for money or position, Aunt Sybel?"

"Not for money or position alone, my dear Kate, but if you found a good, worthy husband who could throw these luxuries into the bargain, I should surely make no objection."

The rosy flush in the young girl's cheek deepened as she bent lovingly over the flowers, her sunny curls sweeping the dark green leaves of the pond-lillies.

"I should rather die an old maid than marry a rich man, Aunt Sybel. Indeed, before I would bear the name of having married for money, I'd link my fate with the poorest printer in Mr. Lane's office!" And Kate's eyes gleamed dangerously.

"My child! the very idea of your marrying a printer?" And Mrs. Nelson's face was a picture of dismay. She evidently was at a loss to know what madcap Kate would suggest next.

"What's the matter with the printers, Aunty?" persisted Kate, enjoying the situation.

"Nothing the matter with them as a class, love; but I should be very sorry to see my Kate united in marriage to a mere journeyman printer."

"Mere journeyman printer," mimicked Kate, as Mrs. Nelson left the room. "I wonder if Uncle Harold wasn't a poor man once. It seems to me that mamma used to say 'a noble man elevated his occupation;' not that the occupation elevated the man if he was naturally either a knave or a fool. Bah! *mere journeyman printer, indeed!*"

It is well that Kate did not see the tall, good-looking young man who just at this moment closed the gate gently behind him and stole away through the orchard with an amused smile lurking about his fine mouth.

"Won't marry a rich man, eh, Miss Kate?" he murmured, a tender light shining in his dark eyes. "Dear little golden-head, we'll see about that!"

Let us follow this gentleman, after seeing him mounted upon the back of a spirited Arabian steed, which he had secured under the shade of a large tree just outside the orchard gate, to an elegant country residence some distance out of the town. Throwing the reins to a boy who stood in waiting, the young man ran up the steps and rang the bell. He was admitted by a little old Scotch woman, whom he addressed with:

"Has Merton arrived, Janet?"

"Yes, laddie, mair than an hour ago. He is waiting in the library."

"All right; but Janet, come in here a moment, I want to speak to you;" and with a mysterious air, the young man drew her into an adjoining room and closed the door.

"Now, Janet, Merton is to take my place as master of this house for a few weeks. I have returned no calls; no one has seen me, and even if they had, Merton resembles me so perfectly that a stranger could not detect the ruse. I shall be at home every night, and always on Sabbath, but this is known only to yourself and Merton, who, for the time, will personate Esquire Dunlere. Do you understand me, Janet?"

"I can't say that I do, laddie. It's a' Greek to Janet; but she knows it's only a harmless bit of fun, or her laddie would hae naething to do with it."

"I don't know about the fun, Janet," laughed the gentleman, "but I *do* know that no harm is intended. Perhaps a large amount of good may come of this freak of mine to both of us."

"I ha' nae doot of it, laddie—nae doot of it. Auld Janet's nae heart to refuse the lad—his mither's ain bairn." And the good old housekeeper looked fondly after the "laddie" in question, as he whistled through the hall and flung open the library door.

"Ha, old fellow; glad to see you!" as a gentleman of about his own age, and wonderfully like him in appearance arose from the sofa, where he had been lounging with a book and cigar, and grasped his extended hand.

"My joy at seeing you is not entirely disinterested this time, Merton," said the young man, presently. "I am greatly in need of your services just now. There, reserve your surprise, please, until you are in possession of the facts of the case. Listen."

And the new-comer talked rapidly as well as earnestly for a few minutes, adding, as he withdrew an arm from its resting place on his friend's shoulder, "Will you do what I wish, Merton?"

"Are you really in earnest, my boy?"

"Ah, you refuse?"

"Did I ever refuse a request of yours, Al Dunlere?"

And thus the young man was answered.

* * * * * *

"Kate, Kate; see here!"

"What, Lucy?"

And Kate Waldron came flying down the broad stairway, looking very lovely in her white muslin, caught up here and there by knots of ribbon as blue as her eyes.

The young girl's question was answered by Nancy, who came forward with a smile on her round, good-natured face.

"Another bouquet for yees, Miss Kate!" holding out the mass of beauty and fragrance as she spoke.

"Oh!"

Kate's sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks were sufficient evidence of her delight as she received the bouquet and turned into the parlor, followed by Lucy.

"Why, Kate! as sure as I live there's a note—a *bona fide* love billet, tied with a crimson ribbon! *Do* let me see it?" pleaded the mischievous girl.

But Kate tucked the note in her pocket, and quietly attended to the arranging of her precious flowers, with, however, a deeper glow in her soft cheek, and an added sparkle to her eyes. As soon as possible she escaped from the room and her cousin's bantering, mounting the stairs to her own cozy boudoir, located on the second floor of Dr. Nelson's handsome residence.

We will accompany her, reader, if you please, and excuse ourselves for thus entering a lady's *sanctum*, some other time.

There she is, perched in one of the deep window seats with that mysterious note in her small hands. I shall peep over her shoulder, as I think a little curiosity pardonable on this occasion.

DANFORD, June 22, 18—.

MISS KATE WALDRON:

Pardon the liberty I take in thus addressing you, and believe me when I say that no motive save the purest prompts the action. I have seen you, fair lady, in your walks and rides, and confess, with pleasure, that your blue eyes hold me captive. If you will permit me to make your acquaintance, I shall seek an introduction at an early day. Can give you the highest testimonials as to family and character. Among others would refer you to Esquire Dunlere, of Dunlere Mansion, who is my warmest friend, though I, at present, am only a journeyman printer in the employ of Mr. A. Lane, of the *Star*.

If you will condescend to notice the humble plea of one who can at least presume to own an untarnished name and a free and daring manhood, please send answer to that effect by the bearer of this note—the boy who carried the flowers. I remain, meanwhile,

Your obedient and sincere admirer,
RAY DE LILE.

Office Danford *Star*.

Now, reader, what do you suppose Kate did? Scribble an affected note, school-girl fashion, talking about reciprocation, and so on? Not a bit of it. She merely tied a broad-brimmed straw hat over her golden curls, and crossing the yard to her uncle's office, astonished that gentleman by laying Mr. De Lile's note in his palm, and saying:

"Read it, please, Uncle Harold, and tell me what you think."

Dr. Nelson complied.

"Well, pussie," with a smile, as he finished reading, and folded up the dainty perfumed note, "what do you propose doing about it, eh?"

"Whatever you say, uncle," replied the blushing girl, resting her head upon his arm.

Dr. Nelson drew his niece closer to him, and tenderly kissed her cheek.

"Well, then, Katy-did, answer it by all means. I rather like that note; it has the ring of true metal in it. A young man not ashamed of an honest profession, however humble, and the friend of such a man as I know our Squire to be, is a rarity in these days. Let him call and present his credentials to me. If they are all right I will favor him with an introduction to my bonny Kate. What does aunty say?"

"She doesn't know anything about it," was Kate's demure reply. "Aunty doesn't like printers, and so I—"

"Aha! I understand, you minx. All right. Write your note, and give this chap permission to call to-morrow evening. I'll attend to his case."

A fond kiss and smile was his reward, as Kate bounced off to do her uncle's bidding.

The next evening after tea found our heroine in her own room, kneeling by the window, with a foolish little heart beating strangely fast. It was dusk, but she had no light, and Lucy, coming to seek her, upon springing open the door in answer to Kate's low "Come in," peered for a moment through the gloom before she saw the little white-robed figure by the window.

"Where are you, Kate? Lazy girl! I've a half mind to shake you for running off as you did after tea. There is a gentleman in the parlor with papa who wishes to see you. Come, hurry up, will you! I'm dying with curiosity to learn his name. Perhaps it's your Knight of the Flowers, Kate," she called after her.

But Kate did not hear Lucy's raillery. She was already pausing at the parlor door.

It was a lovely moonlight night, and, as Kate entered the parlor, a soft ray, stealing in at the open door, rested on her white dress, and enveloped her sweet face and golden hair as in a misty blessing.

Dr. Nelson arose from the sofa, upon which he had been sitting chatting with a tall, handsome stranger whom he introduced as "Mr. Ray De Lile."

Mr. De Lile bowed low over the plump white hand Kate extended in her frank, bewitching way.

"Miss Kate, this is indeed a happy moment to me. I cannot find words in which to thank you for your kindness in granting the boon I asked."

What Kate replied we cannot tell you, but when Dr. Nelson slipped out of the room a few moments later and joined his wondering wife and daughter in the back parlor, we doubt if he was even missed by the two conversing so pleasantly upon the sofa.

Ray De Lile became a constant visitor at Dr. Nelson's. He had asked and received permission to present his friend, Squire Dunlere, to the doctor's family, and few evenings passed that did not find one or both of the young men chatting with Lucy and Kate upon the moonlit piazza, or watching the evening primroses unfold their petals with a breath of fragrance down by the garden gate.

"Lucy's black eyes have captured the Squire, Mr. De Lile," laughed Kate, late one Saturday afternoon, as she suffered the young man to draw her out of the parlor upon the cool, shady piazza, inclining her head toward the door as she spoke.

"I am not so sure of that, Miss Kate," replied the gentleman addressed, with a look and smile that were lost upon the merry girl, who had suddenly discovered a redbird's nest hidden away among the glossy leaves of a honeysuckle that clambered up one side of the piazza, hiding the white columns with its quivering foliage and spikes of fragrant bloom.

"Down, Rolla, down!" exclaimed the girl, as a beautiful Newfoundland dog came bounding up the steps and fawned upon her as if coaxing for a race. "Down, sir! If you disturb those scarlet songsters in their new home you and I are friends no longer."

The dog crouched at her feet in an instant, raising his bright eyes to her face as if pleading for another word.

"There! old fellow, I didn't scold you."

And Kate patted his head tenderly.

"Come, come, Sir Rolla; this will never do. Miss Kate, may I claim your company for a stroll? It is too lovely to stay within doors."

"If Rolla is allowed to make one of the party," replied Kate, mischievously.

"Bother Rolla! Do you know I am half inclined to be jealous of that dog, you little tease?"

"No, sir; I confess to a better opinion of you," retorted Kate. "Come, Rolla!"

And, with a merry glance at Ray, the young girl bounded down the steps, followed by the dog, bent on a race to the gate.

Ray De Lile drew her hand through his arm a few minutes later.

"Will you walk with me now, or do you intend entertaining Rolla?" he said, quietly.

"I—guess I'm tired," with a laugh. "Where are we going?"

Ray answered her by directing their steps toward the Dunlere Mansion. They often strayed thither—all four of the young people — Squire Dunlere and Lucy, Ray and Kate, therefore the fair girl was not surprised when Ray De Lile led her to their favorite seat beside a fountain whose laughing waters in ceaseless motion made merry music to their ears, and bathed Kate's golden curls in its cloud-like spray.

For a time Ray was strangely silent. He leaned back in their rustic seat and watched his companion as she romped with Rolla, flinging her handkerchief far out on the waters of the mimic lake, laughing gleefully as the dog dashed after and soon laid it at her feet.

Presently Ray spoke.

"Kate, can you devote your attention to me for a few moments? I guess Rolla will excuse you."

"I'll try," with a mirthful glance.

Did she anticipate what he was about to say?

"Then listen. To hear you talk, and watch your indifferent actions, one might suppose you cared no more for me than for Rolla there. But *I* know better. Kate, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"Here! Rolla, here! It is time you were on guard!"

But even in the pale moonlight Ray could see the deepening in the girl's soft cheek, and note the drooping of her eyes. He gently drew her to him.

"Kate, am I mistaken—*have* you no love for me?"

The bright head dropped upon his shoulder, but she did not answer. Ray *would* have a "yes" from her, and very soon a slender gold ring gleamed upon her finger.

"It was my angel mother's," whispered Ray. "She bequeathed it to me on her dying bed, saying she wished it to be my betrothal ring if I ever loved. A Christian mother's blessing seals our troth!" And the young man pressed his first kiss upon the sweet face raised so trustingly to his own. "I have something else to tell you, Kate," added he, after some moments spent in tender love talk. "Dunlere and Lucy are engaged. We can all be married at the same time. Won't it be splendid?"

"Married! Mercy, Ray! Don't quite take away my breath. We shall not marry for—ever so long!"

"Shan't we? Do you hear that, Rolla?" patting the head of the noble animal who stood gravely regarding them. "I don't think you will be Kate Waldron three months hence, little golden-head."

"But you haven't asked Uncle Harold?"

"Haven't I, though? Darling," and Ray pressed the little hand resting on his arm, "Uncle Harold gave his consent before I dared speak of love to you!"

* * * * *

There was to be a double wedding at Dr. Nelson's. Esquire Dunlere and the merry Lucy, Ray DeLile and our bonny Kate, were to be united in holy wedlock on the same evening and in the same hour. Both girls were busy as bees, and Aunt Sybel, sufficiently delighted with the match Lucy was making, to be able to overlook the fact that Kate was to marry a "mere journeyman printer," bustled about with an air of smiling importance; while the 'Squire and Ray managed to be in the way the greater part of the time; losing the girls' spools and scissors, and tangling their silks in a manner which might have been provoking under other circumstances.

At last the eventful evening arrived, and Kate and Lucy, robed alike in pure white, with long veils of misty lace, and wreaths of orange blossoms descended to the library where they were awaited by the bridegrooms elect.

"Come, Ray and Kate—Dunlere and Lucy—are you ready?" called Dr. Nelson's cheery voice, and very soon the lovers were standing before the white haired minister who had been selected to perform the ceremony.

Ray and Kate were united first, and at once exchanged places with Dunlere and Lucy, who were speedily pronounced man and wife. Then followed the congratulations of relatives and friends. The brides cake was cut, and, first before entering the supper room, the minister gave each of the brides a folded paper. They immediately entrusted the same to the care of their husbands, and thought no more about it.

It had been arranged that Ray and Kate should accompany Dunlere and Lucy to their residence that night, remaining with them until Ray's "bird-nest," as he fondly styled the home he said he was getting in readiness for his darling, should be open to receive them.

Accordingly, at a late hour the newly married lovers were seated in a carriage and driving rapidly toward the Dunlere Mansion. Arrived there, Kate was surprised to see Squire Dunlere draw back and allow Ray to lead the way. The handsome parlors were brilliantly lighted, and Janet, arrayed in her "best," stood, smiling, to receive them.

She addressed Ray as "master," and murmured a blessing upon the "young mistress' golden head!"

"Welcome home, darling!" exclaimed Ray, fondly.

"Why, Ray, what does this mean?" queried the wondering Kate.

"Simply that you are Mrs. Esquire Dunlere, and that my friend Merton and Cousin Lucy are our friends at present," laughed the happy bridegroom.

"And your name?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Is Alvonray De Lile Dunlere, at your service. Forgive me, sweet one, but you stoutly declared you wouldn't marry a rich man, and I, having for amusement learned the art of type-setting in the office of my friend Merton, who is an editor, contrived to play a trick in order to gain my coveted bride."

And Ray explained the whole plot, adding:

"Lucy was made acquainted with the whole affair by Dick Merton, who found himself in rather a sorry fix for a time, sailing under false colors with the girl he had learned to love; but Lucy was true-blue, and loved him none the less because he was an editor instead of a Squire. And now, precious, will you forgive your husband?"

The golden curls swept his shoulder as the fair girl answered, with a touch of archness in her tender tones:

"Yes, Ray. I can afford to forgive you, as I've married a printer after all."

"To be sure, Katy-did, and"—with a world of mischief in his eyes—"a rich man into the bargain!"

PECULIARITIES OF HENRY CLAY.

In his day it was the habit of the polite world of the capital, dressed in their gayest, to repair to the Senate chamber to listen to him whenever he spoke. He was everybody's pet. No man has ever had such adulation since. No man has ever got habitually such splendid and brilliant audiences as he. Those were days of grand debate, when the Press had not gained so much prestige—before oratory had given way in Congress to the reporters. There were no holes in the sky then, and you could not prick an orator like a soap bubble with a witty sarcasm. Clay never disappointed—he would not have dared. But he dared things that no other man then or now dare. At the end of a brilliant passage he would pause deliberately, and walk six steps across the aisle toward Mr. Robert J. Walker's snuff-box, and taking a pinch gracefully between his finger and thumb, return to his desk, and put it with such ineffable distinction to his nostrils, that the whole audience was ready to burst into applause. With any other man this would have been ridiculous; Clay made it sublime. It was the great king going to bed in the presence of his admiring courtiers.

WHAT'S IN A NAME!

Glancing over reports of society and fashionable affairs in a paper the other day, we could not but laugh at the ridiculous names borne by most of the young ladies who were mentioned as having been present at some local festive gathering. This is a list. Read straight along. No skipping.

Aggie,	Lizzie,	Lilly,
Gussie,	Katie,	Susie,
Mollie,	Minnie,	Jessie,
Maggie,	Nellie,	Fannie,
Carrie,	Josie,	Mamie,
Dolly,	Winnie,	Bessie,

and a little further on, we found Lottie.

There's a good deal in a name. Would we be now giving tea parties to Mattie Washington? Would there be much hair-standing effect in Lu Borgia? Would men's stout hearts quail at the name of Susie Anthony?

We cannot, for the life of us, see why the young ladies of the period curtail their fair proportions—that is, their Christian names—in this senseless manner, and why they cannot cling to the name which was bestowed upon them in baptism.

WHERE DOES IT ALL COME FROM?

Pints and quarts of filthy Catarrhal discharges. Where does it all come from? The mucous membrane which lines the chambers of the nose, and its little glands, are diseased, so that they draw from the blood its liquid, and exposure to the air changes it into corruption. This life-liquid is needed to build up the system, but it is extracted, and the system is weakened by the loss. To cure, gain flesh and strength by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which also acts directly upon these glands, correcting them, and apply Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, the only method of reaching the upper cavities, where the discharge accumulates and comes from. The instrument and both medicines sold by druggists and dealers in medicines.

IF you would render your children helpless all their lives, never compel or permit them to help themselves.

POSTSCRIPTS.

—Woman proposes, and man just gets up "and gits" this year.

—The atmosphere of Nebraska ten months of each year is as clear as the sky of Italy.

—"Talking to her husband in a loud tone of voice" is enough to send a Persian wife to jail for thirty days.

—A dreadful Washington doctor asks us to believe that love is an affair of the stomach, and that the heart has nothing to do with it.

—The Maharajah of Indore has five million pounds stored up in-doors—in his palace—and he is evidently as rich as all out-doors.

—The Prince of Wales has killed a tiger in India. Now he can come home and die happy—which he couldn't have done had the tiger killed him.

—Two hundred and fifty thousand gallons of beer are sold in London daily. In a small inn near the General Post Office 185 gallons of stout are drank each day, and one opposite the Bank of England sells two hundred gallons.

—The Musulmans have permitted the Christians to put up bells in the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. As the Mohammedans are opposed to bells, the sound of one has not been heard in the building since Sultan Saladin entered the city in the twelfth century.

—*Figaro* says that the plum pudding of Paris restaurants is made of sweepings of the tables, crumbs, stale cakes, leavings of the previous day, sour cream, and the like, boiled for hours to acquire a proper consistency, and then served with a fiery brandy sauce to disguise the flavor.

—Centennial year revives the fashion of wearing a patch of court plaster on the nicely powdered or enamelled face. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to the gentility of this 1776 style, but, inasmuch as both Martha and George adopted it, there ought not to be a prolonged dispute.

—One of the novelties of a new hotel in Jacksonville, Fla., is a crystal chandelier in the bridal chamber. By touching a button, it is lighted, at the same moment out springs a little Cupid, who strikes with a hammer a chime of bells, which peal out in the sweetest melody, "Rest in this bosom," "Let me kiss him for his mother," etc.

—Germany published more than twelve thousand books last year. If that nation is an index of what the whole world will be when brought to the same degree of intellectual activity and culture, the prospect is that novels will go into the background. Of the entire number only nine hundred were devoted to fiction and the drama.

—In the seventh, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, under successive dynasties, Mongul and Chinese, the inhabitants of the "Flowery Land" devised and executed a grand canal opening a water communication from Peking to Canton, a distance of six hundred miles, across two great rivers, and carried for more than ninety miles some twenty feet above the surrounding country.

—The author of the following, a Dubuque man, to his first born, is still at large:

Welcome, little teenie weenie,
We've been looking for you some;
With her biney, truey eeple,
Faith, and ain't we glad she's come!
O! the little piggie-wiggie!
Bless her, that it's just no niggie!
Sucking pucky-wucky thumb!

—"It took that German savant just fourteen years to make an egg and batch the same, but it will take him just twice that long to convince us of the fact." Allowing that it is a fact, we fail to see the economy of the new method. Had the savant invested fifty cents in a motherly old hen, he could have had more eggs, a more numerous hen progeny, and something over to pay for the wear and tear of the hen.

—It is a great year for the old man. Grandfathers who have been neglected and made to feel that they were in the way, and wished they were dead, who have long been thrust away in the kitchen, and left to mumble to themselves in the chimney corner, are astonished by being brushed up of an evening and brought into the parlor, where they are shown off to the company as Centennial relics. "Grandfather, you knew Washington, didn't you?" screams a granddaughter in his ear, for he is very deaf. "Yes, yes," says grandfather, "the gin'rel borrer'd a chaw terbacco of me many and many a time!" The old man is going to Philadelphia, sure.

—We are apt to think this a pretty bad age in which we live, but the age before it was not altogether lovely. On the 8th of October, 1776, John Adams wrote to his wife from Philadelphia: "The spirit of venality you mention is the most dreadful and alarming enemy America has to oppose. It is as rapacious and insatiable as the grave. This predominant avarice will ruin America, if she is ever ruined. If God Almighty does not interfere by His grace to control this universal idolatry to the mammon of unrighteousness, we shall be given up to the chastisements of His judgments. I am ashamed of the age I live in."

WHERE the farmer's wife has large washing to do, she can save half her time and labor by using Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Craxin & Co., Phila.) One pound of it is equal to three of any other. Try it.

RECEIPTS.

TAR and sweet oil, thoroughly mixed, will make boots waterproof.

To prevent mold in ink, add some acetic acid or strong vinegar; but mercurial sublimate is the best. A few grains in a quart are sufficient.

To take spots out of carpets, mix a little soap in a gallon of soft warm water, then add half an ounce of borax; wash the part well with a clean cloth, and the grease or dirt will soon be invisible.

A SCREEN or blower of wire gauze of from thirty-six to forty wires to the inch, placed in front of a range or stove fire will prevent, it is said, smoke coming into the room when the chimney fails to draw well.

To make paste that will keep for a year, dissolve slowly in water two square inches of glue and an equal quantity of alum. Mix, and boil with flour as usual, and then, when nearly cool, stir in two teaspoonfuls of oil of cloves or lavender—the whole to make a pint of paste. Keep in a well-covered vessel.

A VERY good article of tracing paper may be cheaply made in the following manner: Open a quire of double-crown tissue paper, and brush over the first sheet with a mixture of mastic varnish and turpentine, equal parts. Proceed in this way with each sheet: hang the sheets to dry singly on lines.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Reduce common starch to an impalpable powder, put in a muslin bag, and keep it in the table drawer. Whenever you take your hands out of dish-water or suds, wipe them dry with a soft towel, and while yet damp, shake the starch bag over them, and rub it in. The effect is most agreeable.

EVERY little while we hear of one who has stuck a rusty nail in his foot or some other part of his person, and lockjaw has resulted therefrom. All such wounds can be healed without any fatal consequence following them. The remedy is simple—it is only to smoke such wound or bruise that is inflamed with burning wool or woollen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke of wool will take pain out of the worst case of inflammation arising from a wound we ever saw.

HOT alum-water is a suggestion for destroying red and black ants, cock roaches, spiders, and all the crawling pests which infest our houses. Take two pounds of alum, and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the fire until the alum disappears; then apply it with a brush, while nearly boiling hot, to every joint and crevice. Brush the crevices in the floor of the skirting or mop-boards, if you suspect they harbor vermin. If, in whitewashing a ceiling, plenty of alum is added to the lime, it will also serve to keep insects at a distance.

Secret of Beauty.

Ladies who use cosmetics to beautify the skin should always be very careful to use nothing but the very best preparations. Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" has been in use for twenty years, during which time it has been used by over a million ladies, and in every instance given entire satisfaction. For beautifying the skin it is far superior to any preparation in the world. Sold at all druggists everywhere.

Depot, 6 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821 FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821

Saturday Evening, April 1, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

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Boston—46 *Franklin St.*,
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St. Louis—610 *North Fifth St.*,
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TO OUR READERS.

We would draw special attention to the Centennial Chart, on the fifth page, which comprises a great deal of very valuable and interesting information which has not hitherto been published elsewhere. As there is sure to be an immense demand for this number of the Post, we have given a synopsis of both the serials, "Baffled," by Mrs. Henry Wood, and "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," by Miss M. E. Braddon, so that anyone, by reading them, can at once take up the thread of either story with as much interest as if he had read the preceding instalments.

NOTICE IT.

Notice what? Notice everything that is done by others to contribute to your benefit or happiness. Nothing seems more ungracious than the passing over, without remark, and apparently without thought, the thousand and one little efforts and attentions which are intended to sweeten domestic life.

Ingratitude and indifference sometimes mar the character of women; but are far more frequently observable, we think, in man. A husband returns from his business at evening. During his absence, and throughout the livelong day, the wife has been busy, with mind and hands, preparing some little surprise, some unexpected pleasure to make his home more attractive than ever. He enters, seemingly sees no more of what has been done to please him than if he were blind, and has nothing more to say about it than if he were dumb. Many a loving wife has borne in her heart an abiding sorrow, day after day, from causes like this, until, in process of time, the fire and enthusiasm of her original nature have burned out, and mutual indifference spreads its pall over a household.

Often, we think generally, inattention to little acts of thoughtfulness and consideration results from a mere habit of carelessness; but, in its effect upon the happiness of a family, it is a most unfortunate habit. A few words of thanks, of appreciative recognition, are easily spoken, and such words are precious to the soul that hungers for them. They are highly prized and not soon forgotten.

A QUESTION FOR GIRLS.

Amongst the letters we receive about love affairs, many are from girls who desire to know what they shall do about a certain young man who, having been attentive, is now growing cold. Shall they write to him? Shall they speak to him? Shall they let him know they never can forget him? What shall they do to bring back the truant?

We have only sympathy for the girl whose heart lingers over her first sweet dream. She would be less than woman if it did not. But as the surgeon buries his knife in the quivering flesh of his patient to cut away something that else would eat the life away, so would we, had we the power, cut the miserable aching spot from many a fresh young heart, and leave the sufferer free and glad once more. Words can do little; yet we should like to say a word or two to those whose inexperienced pens have not told half they suffer—to those who desire to know how to win a recreant lover back to his allegiance.

And first: Can you not see how much better it is that he should go if he desires to do so? How worthless he would be, having once wished to slip his chains, if you could entice him back? A true lover needs no bonds, and only a true lover ever satisfies. The man who loves, woos, and wins, and wears his prize if he can, has no doubts, no hesitations. A woman who has had such love could never mistake anything less true for the genuine; but a girl yet inexperienced has nothing by which to measure the tenderness and passion of one she thinks her lover. The young fellow chats with her, laughs with her, escorts her to some place of amusement, and gets to call her by her Christian name; and out of this she makes a lover; and when the next pretty face beguiles him, breaks her heart because he is gone! It is so foolish, and yet so natural. Still a little thought would save the snapping of the heart-strings. She has only to reflect for a moment before permitting herself to confide in her lover, and never trust until she has strictly tried his sincerity.

WOMEN'S WAYS FOR MEN'S BENEFIT.

A little woman's wisdom would help the other sex greatly if such wisdom could only be imparted to the "stubborn men." The phrase "superfluous women" has created great indignation among the persons thus libeled. And it is no wonder, for if the truth is fairly stated, it will be found that there are more "superfluities" among men than women, when dull times are the rule, and labor or employment is hard to obtain. Men congregate in the streets, on corners, or in public houses, or at the best, have to lounge at their business places and—to come down to a colloquial phrase made famous by the lamented and lamenting, though sanguine Mr. Micawber—wait for "something to turn up." But things oftener turn *down* than *up* to those who fancy they can wait, while the ceaseless revolution goes on all round them.

Meanwhile, what are the "superfluous women" doing? They are eking out the half-loaf to make it serve, on the principle that a half-loaf is better than no bread. They are taxing their capacity for frugality to the utmost, and converting discarded bits into useful ends; utilizing shreds, and piecing patches into whole cloth. The conservative industry of women, when their husbands and brothers are in limited employment or without any occupation is something to be admired. This native prudence—a thing of intuition—is one of the characteristics which happily distinguish the "weaker" sex from the "stronger," and tempts one to say that the application of the terms should be reversed. For a proof of the better "managing" power of woman, we need only refer to the contrast between cases of families of half-orphans, when the father or the mother is removed by death. The widow will "somehow" rear her brood to take fair positions in life. The widower often gives up the contest with adversity at the beginning. In what the "somehow" consists, it might take many words to describe. But "anyhow," it does exist, as everybody knows, and as men prominent in every walk of life could testify, simply by relating their own experience.

This capacity of women for getting on under difficulties—made public, rather than developed by widowhood—really exists, and is in exercise all the time. Business difficulties, or improvidence, or sickness, or bad habits in husbands, cause many wives to be in a worse condition than widows. They have all the difficulties of widowhood, with the encumbrance of a "superfluous" man superadded; and, being wives with living husbands, have not the advantages of sympathy which help the widow. The purpose of this article is not to make useless complaints of things as they are, but to set, here and there, a "superfluous" man to thinking.

If times change, men must change with them; or in other words, if circumstances alter, they must adapt themselves to circumstances. If a dollar cannot be earned, earn half—or even a quarter, and, above all, spend nothing for superfluities above your earnings. Adopt woman's prudence and practice her diligence, and the problem of meeting hard times is more than half solved. —*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The Saturday Evening Post.—We have received through the Canada Agency a copy of this the oldest and most popular family paper in America. The Post is admirably adapted to the wants of the home circle, all its illustrations and reading matter having that end in view. It is the only paper of its kind published in Philadelphia, the Centennial City, consequently it is of more than ordinary interest at this time. All the latest and most reliable information regarding the Centennial Exposition will appear in its columns, besides correct and authentic engravings of the Centennial Buildings. A premium chromo which needs only to be seen to be appreciated is presented to each subscriber.—*Advertiser, Petrolia, Ontario, March* 8, 1876.

Under the management of Messrs. Reed, Wickersham & Co., the old reliable Post is rapidly outstripping all other publications of its kind in America. It has the best corps of contributors that can be had in this or any other country, and its future promises to be what its gentlemanly editors and proprietors really deserve—the leading fireside paper of the world. Established for more than half a century, the Post has indeed found its way to the hearts of the people. A splendid premium to subscribers! De Soto; or the Discovery of the Mississippi. This is the largest chromo ever given by a paper, being 18 by 25 inches; and for richness of color and for artistic finish, it far surpasses any chromo in the market.—*Advertiser, Ripley, Miss., Feb.* 26, 1876.

The Saturday Evening Post.—In days of *Lang Syne* we used to steal off into our grandfather's garret to look up, and read over and over again a file of what was then an old paper—Literary, Biographical and Pictorial. It was esteemed by us then the greatest paper in the world. And perhaps it was—of its kind. And it is still published by Reed, Wickersham & Co., and we commend it to all who desire the very best story paper, and a paper 65 years old, published in the Centennial City at Centennial prices. — *Standard, Oskaloosa, Iowa, March* 4, 1876.

The Saturday Evening Post, published by Reed, Wickersham & Co., Philadelphia, is the oldest, as well as the best literary family paper published. It publishes no sensational or unhealthy class of literature, and is a paper that can be taken in any household. With a splendid chromo, "De Soto Discovering the Mississippi," all post paid, $2.25.—*Democrat*, Fort Madison, Iowa, March 1, 1876.

The price of the Saturday Evening Post has been reduced to $2.00 per annum, which makes it the cheapest, as it has long been the best of the leading literary journals. The result of the reduction in price has already been a large addition to the list of subscribers.—*Sunday Mercury*, Philadelphia.

It is not generally known that the good custom of keeping birthdays is many thousand years old. It is recorded in the fortieth chapter of Genesis, and twentieth verse: "And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, that he made a feast unto all his servants."

FLORAL HINTS FOR SPRING.

Window Gardening.—Bouvardias that have been blooming freely during early winter will now show but few flowers, and a short season of entire rest will prove beneficial to them. The tips of the shoots may be shortened slightly, all flower buds pinched off for a short time, and the soil stirred on the surface of the pots. An occasional watering with weak liquid manure will soon cause them to throw up fresh heads of flowers, which not unfrequently surpass the first crop. As soon as the weather becomes warm in late spring they should be planted in the open ground to rest until the succeeding winter, care being taken to remove all flowers during the interval. Carnations will also at this season be past their prime. Young plants struck from cuttings now and planted out of doors as soon as danger from frost is past, will make stronger blooming specimens next year than the old plants will if preserved over year. It may appear like sacrilege to throw the latter away, but it is the better and wiser plan. Roses in pots are very fond of strong heat and plenty of moisture, consequently they should have a daily springing if the best results would be obtained. Strong drafts of air or sudden changes in the atmosphere causes mildew to appear on the foliage. Sulphur will check it somewhat, but it is not infallible. All vegetation enjoy a season of rest, consequently if any of the hardy perennial plants have been forced into bloom they must be placed in a cool room or light cellar after their beauty has passed away, to remain until the weather will permit them to be set out in the open border once more. As the warm days arrive, give air frequently to the plants; they will quickly show the good effects.

Out-Door Gardening.—The beds of hardy bulbs, which are presumed to be covered with manure, should be carefully watched to prevent the young shoots from "drawing." A few mild days start them into growth, so that as soon as they show above the surface of the soil a portion of the covering should be removed, the remainder to be raked off later in the spring. Where the collection is small it is a good plan to tie up the flowering stems to neat stakes, and shade from the sun to prolong the bloom. If manure has been placed around the rose and shrubbery—and a wise gardener will always do so in the autumn—rake off the coarser portion now, and dig in the fine rotted particles, which will enrich the soil and render it lighter and more friable. Trim in the straggling ends of all bushes and coarse-growing plants, as it tends to form a more even and denser form. To an old gardener it seems silly to be continually hinting about having labels and stakes on hand ready for spring work, and yet it is a necessity during the rush consequent upon out-door labor in early spring. Now is the time to prepare them, when most people think there is nothing to do. Use soft white pine, clear of knots, such as the best quality of shingles; make the stakes and labels of various sizes, tieing each in bundles, having previously painted the former green and the latter white. Every flower bed should be mapped out on paper in advance of the planting season, so that when work commences the owner may go to work understandingly, and know precisely what and how many plants will be needed. This is an important feature too often overlooked. Beds of perennial plants should be gone over now, and the old tops removed, so that when the new growth commences the surroundings will look clean and neat. Fork in some short manure among this class of flowers, being careful not to mutilate the roots.

Raising Young Plants.—So many amateur gardeners wait until planting time to grow all their annual flowers that perhaps a few hints on this subject may not prove amiss. Very many species of these succeed much better by sowing the seeds under glass and transplanting the seedlings when a few inches high; in fact, if we omit the escholtzias, poppies, and a few others, all annuals grow and bloom better by removal. Such annuals, especially, as the asters, balsams, marigolds, cockscombs, phlox drummundi, portulaccas, etc., should be sown in pots or shallow boxes of light soil, and very thinly covered. If the seed be good they will soon germinate, and the seedlings as they show their true leaves ought to be pricked off into other pots or boxes, to remain until the weather will permit them to be sent in the proper position in the open ground. Cuttings of favorite plants, such as geraniums, petunias, verbenas, salvias, etc., may now be placed in boxes of sand, shaded from the sun, watered sparingly, and when rooted potted off for use in the flower garden. Strong old plants of bouvardias that have been blooming through the winter may at this time be turned out of the pots and the roots mostly cut off and made into sections of say one inch long. These, if stuck thickly into a pot of sand their entire length and placed in a warm position, will soon send up young shoots which, when potted off into rich soil, form fine young plants for next season's work.—*Florist.*

Importance of Trifles.—A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue; some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I last saw you." "By no means," replied the sculptor. "I have retouched this part; polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," observed his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection itself is no trifle."

Industry and its Blessings.—People may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations of life; but heed them not. Whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity, will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth and your comfort in age. In learning the useful part of any profession, very moderate abilities will suffice; great abilities are generally injurious to the possessors. Life has been compared to a race, but the allusion still improves by observing that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

The loud tones in which some people appeal to reason imply that reason is a great distance from them.

WEDDED FOREVER. [ANTI-DIVORCE.]

BY H. C. ALDEN.

As I lounged upon our sofa,
Fondly looking on my wife
Sitting rocking, sewing, sadly
Prattling of affairs of life,
Gazed I also on the Future;
Pondering on the bliss full thought
That adown its pathway ever,
Strolling o'er life's shifting sand—
Whether weal or woe attend us,
We must travel, hand in hand!

On my reveries stole sweet wonder;
Is such joy indeed in store,
Will we walk in love united—
Closely wedded—evermore?
Ah, indeed!—the answer thrilled me;—
And when death a change hath wrought
By the grace of Christ our Saviour
We before the Throne shall stand,
Twined in marriage-love, "forever
Wedded," in that Holy Land!

RUTH'S LOVE STORY.

BY CLIVE BELL.

"It's provoking — too provoking!" sighed pretty Ruth Foxton, as she stood at the kitchen window, a vexed look stealing into her blue eyes as she parted the morning glories that draped the windows like curtains of emerald flecked with pink and blue, and saw the tall form of Harmen Bently, a neighboring farmer, leaning against the garden gate talking earnestly to her father, who listened intently, with a frown clouding his rugged face.

Ruth's face flushed and paled by turns, as the indistinct murmur of a name was borne to her ears on the fragrant morning breeze, and her plump fingers beat an impatient tattoo on the window-sill as she vainly endeavored to catch the drift of the conversation.

"He is saying something to prejudice father against *him*," she said, bitterly, with a flash of her violet eyes; "but it won't benefit you if I do have to give him up."

"Ruth," called the sharp voice of her elder sister, Jane, as she entered the kitchen, with her hands covered with flour, "I hope you haven't let the rusks burn."

"Oh!" ejaculated Ruth, rushing to the stove, with a frightened face, "I forgot."

But Jane reached the stove first, and when she opened the door of the baker, the smell of burning dough almost suffocated her.

"There," was her vexed exclamation. "I wanted those rusks for the harvest dinner, and now they are burnt into cinders. I might have known I could not trust you.'

Ruth—pretty eighteen-year-old Ruth—who could never be anything but a spoiled child, stood in a belt of yellow sunshine that crossed the clean floor, a pout on her red lips and a tear in her violet eyes.

"How could I help it?" she said, pettishly; "the stove was too hot."

"The stove was too hot," mimicked Jane, who had been the only mother pretty Ruth had ever known, fixing her steady gray eyes on the apple-blossom face with its halo of flaxen hair, that seemed to take a brighter tint from the yellow sunshine that touched it, and thinking sadly that her beauty might some day be her ruin. "If you spent less time curling your hair to please that coxcomb of a Winterton, you could spare more time on house-keeping."

"I was watching Harmen Bently," sullenly replied Ruth. "He s—he's telling father lies about Paul Winterton."

"*Telling lies!*" said Jane, with cutting scorn, vigorously dashing her pan of burnt rusks into the sink. "Who ever heard of such an absurdity. Harmen Bently would sooner cut his right hand off than be guilty of falsehood, and you know it, Ruth Foxton."

"Humph!" muttered Ruth, with a spiteful glance at the tall figure. "If he is such a paragon, why does he take his neighbor's name in vain."

"If he is telling father anything, it's something he ought to know," tartly responded Jane. "But it's my opinion, if the truth was known about that Winterton, it would be bad enough."

"He's a gentleman, anyhow," loftily replied Ruth, with a toss of her flaxen head; "and I mean to marry him if he asks me."

"Do, and disgrace yourself for life. Tie yourself to a man that comes from nobody knows where, and spends his days lounging in bar-rooms and flirting with pretty girls."

Jane hurried out of the pleasant kitchen, an angry flush on her plain face, for Jane was forty and sensible, and Ruth was just tasting the bitter-sweet follies of youth—follies that Jane had resolutely turned her back on a score of years ago.

Ruth dropped down on a low stool and cried with vexation. Cried so bitterly that she never heard her father's heavy footfall on the porch, or knew that he was at her side, until a warm, broad palm was laid on her bowed head.

"What's wrong now, pussy?" he inquired, gently. "Has Jane been scolding again?"

For Jane's habit of fault-finding had threatened to become chronic of late, and Ruth, whose absent-minded actions had become unbearable, was generally the cause of the caustic outbreaks.

"Yes—yes—" whimpered Ruth, with her head buried in her white apron, "I burnt the rusks, and—and Harmen Bently has been slandering Paul Winterton."

"Ruth," thundered her father, in a voice that brought Ruth to her feet, dry-eyed and amazed, "if you name that scamp in my presence again, I'll throttle you."

"Oh, father!" with a half-sob. "He is a real gentleman."

"Real fiddlestick! Did you know his wife—or something worse—was staying with him at his lodgings?"

"It's false!" cried Ruth, with a white face.

"It's the truth," roared her father, "and *you* have been the laughing-stock of Hilldale for a week."

"I don't believe a word of it," stoutly asserted Ruth, walking past her father with the air of a young queen.

But Jane's watchful eyes noticed that she stumbled as if from blindness, as she entered the willow copse that separated the garden from the meadows.

"She'll take it out in a good cry, and be all the wiser for her folly," was Jane's soothing remark to her father, as the blue dress disappeared in the willows.

But Ruth was destined to go through another ordeal before she reached the solitude she coveted, for at a sudden turn in the copse, she came face to face with Harmen Bently.

"Ruth!" he exclaimed, looking earnestly into the sad face, "you are not angry with me?"

He grasped the plump little hands, and held them in his brown palms, while Ruth, with an indistinct feeling of resentment, stared helplessly up into the brown, bronzed face, stamped with truth and tenderness. She attempted to withdraw her hands, but he held them tightly.

"Let me go," she pleaded. "I am not angry at anybody."

But, man like, Harmen held the hands, forgetting in his selfish exultation, at meeting her, that she was in no mood to listen to the words he meant to speak.

"You must listen to me, Ruth," he said, passionately. "I cannot let another fill the place I once held in your heart without some protest. I love you, Ruth—love you better than he can love you—and surely you will not give me up for a mere whim."

"Mere whim!" the red lips curled. "I think I know love from fancy."

For the handsome blonde face of Paul Winterton seemed to vibrate like a pendulum before her mind's eye, and although every word, glance, or action of Harmen's had been the embodiment of pure unselfish love, poor simple Ruth fancied Paul's graceful flatteries were the earnest of a deeper affection.

"Oh, Ruth, Ruth," sighed the farmer, "will you give me no hope?"

"None!" replied Ruth, icily.

"Not even if you find him unworthy?" he pleaded, too generous to show her the depravity of her idol.

"He is not what you think he is," she cried, hotly, attempting to release herself; but Harmen would not let her go until he had kissed the pale face until it was crimson with blushes. She broke away from him and went blindly through the aisles of green, the bright summer landscape blotted and blurred with the tears that dimmed her eyes.

The songs of the harvesters in the distant grain fields smote her ear with discordant melody as she nestled down at the root of a mammoth willow and cried bitterly.

How many blissful hours she had spent under that very tree with Paul! Paul, whose magnetic eyes had held her a willing captive; Paul, whose winning words had shortened the long summer days, and whose bland sophistry had taught her a lesson she was to unlearn in bitter sorrow.

The murmur of voices in the adjoining meadow startled her, and she crept closer to the root of the tree to elude observation. She could hear the soft sweep of a woman's garments over the grass, and then a woman's voice broke the stillness.

"How did you manage to spend the summer in this solitude, Paul?"

"Charmingly, I assure you, Hat," laughed a voice poor little quaking Ruth knew only too well; "I made love to a fairy in woman's guise."

"You?" the melodious voice rang out in a peal of laughter. "I hope she did not take your show of affection seriously."

"To tell the truth, I'm afraid she did. Such a little beauty as she is, too! Eyes like twin violets, hair like g——"

"Hush!" the lady laughed, softly. "It is not safe to praise a rival to your wife. However, if she knew you were married, and an escaped forger, she would not feel flattered by your attentions. Hist! What's that?"

For a sound, like that of some dumb animal in pain, mingled with the buzz of insects, and the stir of the leaves.

But the speakers strolled on, never seeing the white face that peered through the willow boughs, or the wild violet-blue eyes so full of tearless grief.

Ruth crept out of her hiding-place and struggled homeward, feeling as if some terrible weight had been laid upon her heart.

She had given up Harmen Bently's love for this! Oh, blind faith, oh, cruel reality, would your stings follow her through life!

* * * * * *

The corn was ripe, and lying in piles on the barn floor ready for husking, when Ruth came down stairs, weak and pale, from the long illness that followed that summer morning's revelation.

Jane was busy as usual, preparing for the husking, and endeavored to stir up a little spirit in poor wilted Ruth, who looked as if all the freshness and buoancy of youth had died out in her heart.

That evening a gay crowd of young people gathered in Farmer Foxton's barn; Ruth, like some pale shadow, among the rest.

"You'll find the first scarlet ear, I know you will, Ruth," laughed a merry girl at Ruth's side.

But Ruth husked on in silence, ever and anon glancing towards Herman Bently, who never looked at the little face, so wistful and white.

He raised aloft his scarlet ear at last, and said, cheerily:

"Who has its mate?"

"Ruth, Ruth Foxton," cried the merry girl at Ruth's side. And Ruth cowered into the shadow, covering her crimson face with her hands.

"Ruth," said Harmen, gently withdrawing her hands from her face and taking his forfeit greedily, "let us be friends."

"Oh, Harmen!" whispered Ruth, with a little penitent sob, "I've been so foolish!"

"We'll forget it all, dear," was Harmen's answer, as he took his place at her side.

And out of the ashes of that foolish girl-fancy, sprang a love whose steadfastness was beautiful to see.

The Saturday Evening Post.—To any family desiring a good sound literary journal, we know of no better published, or one that we can more cheerfully recommend for its moral teachings, than the Post. We have been a constant reader of the Post for the past ten years, and consider it one of the best moral literary family papers published. Its contents are composed of the best original and carefully selected stories, miscellany, wit, humor, historical, sketches, etc. It is a home and fireside journal for young and old.—*Maryland Republican, Annapolis, Md., March* 4, 1876.

The Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, one of the real pioneers of literary papers (now in it 56th year). In addition to the large amount of literary matter contained in this paper, there are editorials almost every week of the very choicest character. Those who want to furnish their children with reading matter of a choice quality and instruct them in regard to those things which will prove to their present and future happiness should not fail to subscribe for it.—*Wenona Herald, Wenona, Mich., Feb.* 28, '76.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

The majority of the foreign exhibitors bring their own show cases with them.

The display of carpets by English manufacturers will, it is said, equal any display made by them at the Exhibition.

"Snickeriparik" is the euphonious polysyllable engraved on the Swedish booth in the Main Building. It means "wood-working establishment."

The articles exhibited in the Agricultural Building will not be arranged by countries, but by classes. All articles of the same class from all countries will be together, thus affording a very interesting comparison.

A building, entitled the "House of Public Comfort," will contain separate parlors for ladies and gentlemen, retiring rooms, barber shops, baggage rooms, etc. Retiring rooms are also located at the entrances to all the principal buildings.

There are eight great restaurants, exclusive of those within the building, and waiters speaking many languages will be in attendance. In the "Restaurant of the South," a band of old plantation darkies from "down by de Swanee ribber," will furnish music, and illustrate scenes from "dose good old times."

One of the most interesting exhibits in Machinery Hall will be the superb display of locomotives by the Baldwin Locomotive Company. These will be in full motion, and will include the Don Pedro, ordered by the Emperor of Brazil for his nascent railway system, but permitted by him to remain during the exhibition.

No standing bar will be allowed within the grounds; in the Machinery Building there will be five cafes, in which no malt, wines or other spirituous liquors will be allowed; in the Main Building there will be four cafes in which there will be no spirituous liquor; in the Agricultural Buildings as yet but one has been determined on, and that is restricted to the golden wine of California.

A London firm will exhibit what it claims to be the largest terra cotta statue ever made. It is a model of the statue of America, one of the four—the others being of Europe, Asia, and Africa—that surmount the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park. The firm will exhibit about two hundred tons of terra-cotta ware, including a variety of antique statuettes.

A circular turret of wood has been constructed close by the Government Building. It represents the turret of a monitor, and is twenty-four feet in diameter, with a thickness of twelve inches in the wood. Above it is the pilot-box, and inside, with their muzzles protruding through the port-holes, are two fifteen-inch guns. The whole will illustrate the manner of working these famous turrets.

Rolling chairs will be kept at designated stations within the principal buildings for the conveyance of visitors desiring to use them. With attendants, the charge per hour will not exceed seventy-five cents; without attendants, thirty-five or fifty cents for each class of chairs respectively. There will be plenty of ordinary chairs, which weary sight-seers may use without charge.

Over forty foreign nations and their colonies will exhibit in the Main Building; most of them also occupy space in the other principal buildings, and many of them have special structures. Thirteen of them are over five thousand miles distant from Philadelphia, seven over seventy-five, and two over ten thousand, the latter being about as far as one country can be separated from another.

The Chief of the Agricultural Department of the Centennial Exhibition announces that all the spaces in the building have been taken, and that no more can be granted. Mr Miller has so pushed matters in his bureau that the catalogue of the exhibits in the Horticultural Hall is to-day in the hands of the printer—being over two months ahead of the day of opening—a thing unparalleled in the matter of International Exhibitions.

On the 20th of September, the Grand Lodge of the United States, I. O. O. F., will meet in this city, on which occasion it is intended to have a grand parade of the order, embracing the several grand and subordinate lodges of the States. The route of parade will be on Broad street and across Girard Avenue bridge to a point near the Main Exhibition Building, where addresses will be made by prominent Odd Fellows—one from the North, South, East, and West.

The price of admission will be fifty cents, payable in one note at the entrance gate, and admitting to everything that is to be seen during the time the visitor remains within the enclosure. No season tickets will be sold, nor will two twenty-five cent notes for a single admission, nor a dollar note for two, be taken at the gate. No matter how often a person leaves the grounds during a day, he must again pay a fifty-cent note each time he re-enters. The hours of admission will be from 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. each day.

The Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company, having obtained the exclusive use of Ridley Park as an encampment ground during the Exhibition, have tendered it free of charge for that purpose to all Knights Templar who may desire to visit the Exhibition in organized bodies. The grounds will be ready for occupancy on the 15th of June, and continue open as long as desired. The Grand Commandery of Maryland and several other Commanderies have decided to camp there on June 28, and remain until after July 4.

The sections of the countries exhibiting in the Main building are located geographically, running crosswise of the building, from north to south. As the visitor must traverse both sides of each avenue to see all the exhibits, his tour through this building alone will be not a foot less than eleven miles. Much of the machinery, of all nations, that will be seen in operation in Machinery Hall will be constantly engaged in turning out goods which can be purchased and removed if desired. Among these manufactures will be Persian and Turkish rugs, carpets, cloth, pins, needles, rivets, hinges, confectionery, etc.

Localities in the buildings can be determined by the columns supporting the roofs, which are both lettered and numbered, those in the Main Building being lettered from north to south, and numbered from east to west, and in Machinery Hall, lettered from north to south, and numbered from east to west. Just above each entrance of the various buildings will be a numbered banner surmounted by a small flag. The color of the flag will correspond with the border of the banner, and indicate the class of the building—viz., Blue—buildings erected by the Centennial Commission; red—United States and State buildings; white—foreign buildings; yellow—restaurants, places of entertainment, etc.; green—miscellaneous buildings.

The Cincinnatti Light Guard have decided to march to Philadelphia to attend the Centennial Exposition. The route adopted is by way of Dayton, Springfield, Columbus, Zanesville, and Cambridge, Ohio; Wheeling, West Virginia; Waynesburg, Uniontown, Somerset, Bedford, Chambersburg, Gettysburg, York, Lancaster, and West Chester, Pennsylvania, making the distance about 505 miles, and the time consumed in coming, camping here, and returning, about two months, leaving Cincinnati about the 1st of July. The company will bring with it two army wagons and teams, sufficient provisions, two teamsters, two cooks, a drum corps, and all the necessary camp and garrison equipage. The men will wear the fatigue uniform, the dress uniform being carried in the wagons, carry their guns, light knapsacks packed with one change of clothing, one rubber and one woollen blanket, overcoat, etc.

Among the host of enterprises developed by the hope of profit from affording accommodation or entertainment during the Exposition, few, if any, give greater promise of success than the erection of the Women's Centennial Music Hall on the spacious grounds of the Edwin Forrest estate, and the conversion of the mansion itself into a restaurant a la carte, similar to that of Delmonico's Fifth Avenue establishment in New York. The music hall will have a front of one hundred feet on Broad street south of the present Art Gallery, and a depth of two hundred feet, extending back to Carlisle street. It will have annexed to it a building on Broad street, twenty-five by one hundred feet in size, to be used for ticket offices, private rooms for the accommodation of the lady guests of the committee, and a restaurant and dining-room. The auditorium will be one hundred by one hundred and eighty feet in size, with a handsome gallery and three rows of private boxes. The stage will be situated on the north side, adjoining and communicating with an open garden. The roof of the hall will be supported on three sides, east, south, and west, by substantial brick and iron work, and on the north side, for the summer season, by iron columns, with the intervening spaces filled with trellis work, containing open arches looking out upon the garden. About four thousand five hundred persons may be seated in the hall alone. Theodore Thomas' magnificent orchestra will be the attraction every evening during the Exposition, the services of its leader having been secured by the Women's Centennial Executive Committee. The hall will be opened on May 5, five days before the opening of the Exposition. In it will be held all the musical exercises attending the Centennial, with the exception of those on the opening day.

THE CENTENNIAL CHART.

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The time for the opening of our Centennial Exposition is now near at hand, and we are sure our readers at a distance, most of whom are no doubt preparing for a visit to Philadelphia at

some time during the present year, will be glad to get some account of the Centennial buildings as they are at present. We have also prepared a Centennial Calendar, giving the correct dates on which

MAIN BUILDING.

all the more prominent Anniversaries, Parades, Reunions and other demonstrations will come off in Philadelphia during the progress of the Exposition.

It is truly astonishing what progress has been made towards the completion of the several buildings which comprise the Centennial. The visitor can hardly realize that but a few short months have elapsed since the inception of the project when he gazes upon the city—we had almost said, of magnificent structures which seem to have sprung into life with almost superhuman celerity, and which for vast proportions, artistic perfection and beauty of architecture and variety of styles of art, throw all former World's Fairs completely in the shade.

We have given prominence to the WOMEN'S PAVILION, a remarkably elegant and ornate building which has been erected entirely by the Women of America at a cost of about $40,000. This building, completed, was transferred on February 29th to Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, the President of the Women's Executive Centennial Committee, to whose able and judicious management the wonderful success which has crowned the efforts of the Women of America is in a large measure due.

The ladies have a building of which they may feel proud, and for exhibition purposes could not have been better designed. It is admirably lighted, and is painted with good taste, blue, light purple, and subdued brown being the colors selected. There are four pavilions and two offices, with retiring rooms, and in the furnishing every accommodation for exhibitors and visitors that may be demanded will be afforded. In the main or centre pavilion there will be a large fountain of an ornamental design.

The MAIN EXHIBITION BUILDING and the MACHINERY HALL, both of which we have already described in our columns, are now completed. In the former, many of the foreign exhibitors are already preparing for the display of their goods, and on every side, busy hands are hard at work. The departments allotted to Chili, Japan, Norway and Sweden, Spain, are being rapidly got ready, and give the beholder a faint conception of what the building will look like when it is fully occupied and all the departments in full operation.

MEMORIAL HALL, entirely devoted to the Fine Arts, is still unfinished, but workmen are pushing the work to completion as rapidly as possible. For ornamentation, beauty and solidity, it will compare favorably with any edifice ever constructed in this country. In its construction no wood has been used, the materials being granite, brick, glass and iron. It is, therefore, thoroughly fireproof, and in that full assurance is afforded of the safety of the rare works of art that have been so generously and bountifully contributed for the Exposition from all parts of the world.

AGRICULTURAL HALL is also not yet completed, but will be ready for exhibition purposes in a very short time. Its materials are wood and glass. It consists of a long nave crossed by three transepts, both nave and transept being composed of Howe truss arches of a Gothic form.

HORTICULTURAL HALL is the smallest of all these buildings, though in point of beauty and graceful proportions, is second to none. Before this meets the eye of the reader, it will be finished and transferred to the proper authorities. The forcing-houses are already filled with the rarest plants, which are being moved into the conservatories, at the angles of which are four beautiful fountains, which with the centre fountain will add greatly to the beauty of the scene. In another column of this issue, we have given a more detailed description of this building.

The UNITED STATES BUILDING and the JUDGES' HALL, have both been so recently described in our columns that we need only here say the former is completed and transferred to the authorities; the latter is in a fair way of being finished in a very short time.

We give herewith the rules adopted by the Commission in relation to judges and awards:

First—Awards will be based upon the written reports attested by the signatures of their authors.

Second—Two hundred judges shall be appointed to make such reports, one-half of whom shall be foreigners and one-half citizens of the United States. They will be selected for their known qualifications and character, and will be experts in departments to which they will be respectively assigned. The foreign members of this body will be appointed by the Commission of each country, and in conformity with the distribution and allotment to each, which will be hereafter announced. The judges from the United States will be appointed by the Centennial Commission.

Third—The sum of $1,000 will be paid to each commissioned judge for personal

AGRICULTURAL HALL.

services.

Fourth—Reports and awards shall be based upon merit. The elements of merit shall be held to include consideration relating to originality, invention, discovery, utility, quality, skill, workmanship, fitness for the purposes intended, adaptation to public wants, economy and cost.

Fifth—Each report will be delivered to the Centennial Commission as soon as completed for final award and distribution.

Sixth—Awards will be fully decreed by the United States Centennial Commission, in compliance with the act of Congress, and will consist of a diploma with a uniform bronze medal and a special report of the judges on the subject of the award.

Seventh—Each exhibitor will have the right to reproduce and publish the report awarded to him, but the United States Centennial Commission reserves the right to publish and dispose of all reports in the manner it thinks best for public information, and also to embody and distribute the reports as records of the Exhibition.

This BIRD'S EYE VIEW of the Centennial Buildings will give our readers a very fair conception of the colossal dimensions of Fairmount Park and the Centennial Buildings.

This view is taken from George's Hill, and you are supposed to be looking towards Philadelphia. You have spread out before you, as it were, the whole of the two hundred and fifty acres of the Park, which will be covered with buildings, fountains, statues, gardens, pavilions, and hundreds of thousands of people, and will be better able than ever before, to realize the comprehensiveness and grandeur of the coming Exposition.

The grounds on which the Centennial Buildings are situated have an elevation above the river of about one hundred feet. On the right of our illustration, are the Main Exhibition Building, 1880 feet long, and the Machinery Hall, 1402 feet long, standing on the same line, 550 feet apart, but connected

MACHINERY HALL.

by a covered way. These two buildings, therefore, present an almost continuous frontage of 3832 feet—about three-quarters of a mile long. The Art Gallery stands on a plateau, to the left of the Main Exhibition Building; the Horticultural Hall, in the left of the picture—an extremely ornate and commodious building, designed in the Moorish architecture of the twelfth century, and replete with the richest coloring and decoration; and to the extreme left, is to be seen the Agricultural Hall, on which department of the Exposition, special care and pains have been lavished, so as to ensure the most satisfactory prospects. The agricultural interests of our country so far transcend all others in importance as to compel such result.

Besides these main buildings, there are numerous minor buildings—auxiliary structures, which will form of themselves no inconsiderable feature of the

HORTICULTURAL HALL.

Exposition, and which will contribute greatly to its appearance by filling up the gaps between the larger structures. Most of the foreign nations who have announced their intention to take part are erecting buildings and offices for their respective commissions. These buildings, in most instances, represent the style of architecture most in vogue in the different countries.

Among those which have erected or are still erecting such buildings, are the following: England, Japan, Germany, Spain, Turkey, Morocco, and Sweden have already done this.

Nearly all the States and Territories of the Union propose to erect pavilions for the convenience of their commissioners and citizens. Most of them are already commenced, and others are perfecting their arrangements.

CENTENNIAL CALENDAR.

MAY 10, 1876,

OPENING CEREMONIAL.

15 to 27.—INTERNATIONAL CENTENNIAL BILLIARD TOURNAMENT in Horticultural Hall.
——Parade of Butchers.
22 to 26.—Grand Spring Meeting of Trotters, in Point Breeze Park.
30.—Twenty-third Annual Conclave of the Knights Templar.
31.—THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION RIFLE MATCHES. The first competition shooting on this day and June 1. Open to all citizens of America. To be shot at Creedmoor, Long Island.

JUNE.

1.—GRAND PARADE OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR. 15,000 Knights Templar, from all quarters of the globe, will be in line. In the evening, the installation of G. M., in Academy of Music.
6.—Reunion of Society of Army of Potomac.
——Yacht Regatta on Delaware River.
——Special Gathering of Sons of Temperance.
13.—Special Gathering of Order of Good Templars.
13 to 16.—Grand Summer Meeting of Trotters, in Point Breeze Park.
22.—International Regatta, in New York Harbor.
24 to 28.—Horse Running Races, in Point Breeze Park.
26.—Parade of Sharpshooters—"Schuetzenfest." 50 Clubs from this country and 5,000 Riflemen from abroad will be here.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF CENTENNIAL BUILDINGS, FAIRMOUNT, PARK.

——INTERNATIONAL CRICKET MATCHES.
——Harvesting Display in Bucks County, continued in July.

JULY.

1.—National Union of Young Men's Catholic Association.
2.—Congress of Authors, in Independence Hall.
3.—Grand Lodge of I. O. B'Nai Berith, meet in Covenant Hall, Sixth and Coates Streets.
4.—GRAND CEREMONIES OF FOURTH OF JULY.
4.—Parade of Military Organizations. Eleven New York regiments, one of them the celebrated Seventh regiment; three from Massachusetts, five from Pennsylvania, two from New Jersey, and companies from New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, South Carolina, New Orleans, Chicago, and San Francisco, have agreed to attend the Centennial. Regiments from Richmond, Virginia, Baltimore, Maryland, and other places, are also expected, so that, with the Philadelphia Military regiments, this will be one of the finest and largest displays ever made in this country. The Centennial Legion, representing Thirteen States at the Centennial, will take part.
4.—Parade of Catholic Societies, and dedication of the T. A. B. Fountain. Meetings on 5th and 6th of July.
5.—Unveiling Statue to Religious Liberty, in Fairmount Park, donated by the Israelites of America.
——Foreign and Domestic Councils of Conference of St. Vincent de Paul.
6.—Society of the Army of Cumberland, in Academy of Music.
7.—A Grand Reception and Military Promenade Concert.
8.—Thirty-first Anniversary Parade of the Order of United American Mechanics. It is expected that over ten thousand members of the Order will be in line.
12 and 13.—The Orange Association of Philadelphia, assisted by sister organizations from other cities, will hold their Annual Meeting and have a Grand Parade.
12, 13, and 14.—Trotting Races, in Point Breeze Park.

ART GALLERY.

AUGUST.

6.—Grand Lodge of I. O. Free Sons of Israel. Meet in Covenant Hall, Sixth and Coates Sts.
15 to 18.—Trotting Races, in Point Breeze Park.
20 (to September 15).—International Rowing Regatta, on the Schuylkill River.
20.—National Amateur Rowing Association Regatta, on Schuylkill River.
22.—Parade of Knights of Pythias.
27.—KESHER SHEL BARZEL. Meet at Covenant Hall, Sixth and Coates Streets.
28.—Militia of State of Connecticut arrive, 2,353 strong—4 regiments of infantry and 1 section of light artillery, under a brigadier-general. They will go into camp north of the Centennial grounds.

SEPTEMBER.

1 to 15.—Exhibition of Horses, Mules, and Asses.
4 to 9.—International Medical Congress, in Hall of College of Physicians, Thirteenth and Locust Streets.
12 to 16.—Trotting Races, Point Breeze Park.
20.—Grand Parade of Encampment and Subordinate Lodges of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.
——Emerald Benevolent Association of the United States.
——Trial of Steam Ploughs and Tillage Instruments.
26 (to October 5).—Exhibition of Horned Cattle.
——International Rifle Matches.

OCTOBER.

3.—First Annual Parade of BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNION.
——Parade of Commanderies of the Patriotic Order Sons of America.
18 to 25.—Exhibition of Sheep, Swine, Goats and Dogs.
10 to 14.—Trotting Races, in Point Breeze Park.
28 (to November 10).—Exhibition of Poultry.

NOVEMBER.

10.—The Main Exhibition closes.

DECEMBER.

31.—All exhibits must be removed by this date.

JUDGES' HALL.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

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NELLY.

BY MARIE E. LADD.

Oh, have you seen Nelly,
As fair as a lily,
With eyes like a pansy,
So thoughtful and sweet—
Your whole heart beguiling.
Oh, was she slow smiling,
Triumphing thus softly
Her conquest complete?

Avoid her, oh, stranger,
For you are in danger,
For every ranger
That travels this way,
Leaves with an aching
Sad heart that is breaking,
That Nelly has tossed
As a pastime, at play.

Distrust her completely,
Though smiling so sweetly
With blushes full fleetly
Her face flushing o'er—
Oh, Nelly is faithless,
You cannot pass scathless,
If you heed not my warning
Her beauty before.

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 32, Vol. 26. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

SYNOPSIS.

This story was commenced in No. 32. The first chapter described Mrs. Wynne's household, which consisted of herself and two sons, Adam and Karl. The former was presumptive heir to his uncle, Sir Joseph Wynne; the latter a lieutenant in the army. In an interview in their garden between Adam and a Miss Rose Turner, daughter of a lawyer living next door to them, he learns, to his indignation, that a Mr. Martin Scott, a lover of Rose's, had dared to throw his arms round her and snatch a kiss from her; and tells her to tell him if he ever does so again, and that if he does he will shoot him as if he were a dog.

Karl is also in love, with a Miss Lucy Cleeve, daughter of Colonel and the Honorable Mrs. Cleeve, a very aristocratic and proud couple. They have no suspicions whatever of what is going on between the young people until their eyes are opened by a Miss Blake, a relative, who is herself in love with Karl, and of course jealous of Lucy. As Karl has no money, and no expectations like his brother Adam, the Colonel interviews him, and the result is that he is obliged to give her up and to promise that he will never again address her, or even see her. He is allowed a farewell interview, after which they part.

About a month afterwards, the uncle, Sir Joseph Wynne, dies, and his heir, now Sir Adam, is summoned to the funeral. Instead of going at once, he sends his mother ahead, and before he himself can follow, he has another meeting with Rose Turner, at which, in his presence, Martin Scott again insults her grossly as before.

Sir Adam, in a fury, seizes hold of a loaded gun, which was at his side, and shoots Scott dead on the spot. He is arrested at once, tried, convicted of wilful murder, and sentenced to death; but having been strongly recommended to mercy, his sentence is commuted into penal servitude for life. He is sent to Portland Island, a penal settlement, where he is put to work in chains with the other convicts.

Karl, owing to the disgrace, has to leave the army, and visiting his mother, finds that she has taken up her abode at Weymouth, a town close to and within sight of Portland Island. Here she lives with one servant, a Mrs. Hopley. Karl soon discovers that the two women have some mysterious visitors, and some great secret which even his mother will not confide to him. At last he ascertains that they are planning Sir Adam's escape from the prison, by the assistance of one of the jailers, whom they have bribed. He knows the frightful risk which such an attempt would incur, and tries to dissuade them, but finds it of no avail. One day in November he went up to London on some business, and while sitting at breakfast one morning he is horrified to read in the newspaper that his brother, Sir Adam, had attempted his escape, and had lost his life in the attempt.

At this point we left Karl last week, and anyone who reads this synopsis can take up the thread of the story, beginning from this number, with as much interest as if he (or she) had read the previous chapters in detail.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

Alas! it was too true. Two prisoners had attempted to escape in concert; Sir Adam Wynne and a man named Cole. They succeeded in reaching the water and got off in a small boat lying ready in wait. Some warders pursued them in another boat; and, after an exciting chase in the dark night, came up with them as they reached the Weymouth side. Sir Adam was shot dead by a pistol; the small boat was upset, and one of the warders drowned. Cole was supposed to have made his escape.

Such was the statement given in the newspapers. And however uncertain the minor details might be at this early stage, one part admitted of no doubt—Sir Adam Wynne was dead.

"I seemed to foresee it," moaned Karl. "From the very first the persuasion has lain upon me that this would be the ending."

Ere many minutes had elapsed, ere he had attempted to touch a morsel of breakfast, a gentleman was shown in. It was Mr. Plunket, a stout man in spectacles, with a large red nose. He had the *Times* in his hand. Capt. Wynne's paper lay open on the breakfast table; Captain Wynne's face, as he rose to receive his visitor, betrayed its own story.

"I see you have read the tidings," began Mr. Plunkett, sitting down. "It is a dreadful thing."

"Do—do you think there's any chance that it may not be true, Mr. Plunkett?" he rejoined in an imploring tone.

"There's not the slightest as to the main fact—that Sir Adam is dead," replied the lawyer, decisively. "What *could* he have been thinking of, to hazard it?"

Karl sat shading his face.

"I'll tell you what it is, sir—there was a spice of madness in your brother. I said so when he shot Scott. There must have been. And who, but a madman would try to get away from Portland Island?"

"Nay. A rash act; but not one that implies madness, Mr. Plunkett."

And there ensued a silence.

"I have intruded on you this morning to express my best sympathy, and to ask whether I can be of any service to you, Captain Wynne. I beg your pardon; Sir Karl, I ought to say. If——"

Karl had raised his head in resentment—in defiance. It caused the lawyer's break.

"Nay, but you are Sir Karl, sir. You succeed to your brother."

"The reminder grated on me, Mr. Plunkett."

"The title's yours and the estates are yours."

"Yes, yes; I suppose so."

"Well, if we can do anything for you, Sir Karl, down there"—indicating with a nod of his head the direction in which Portland Island might be supposed to lie—"or at Foxwood, you have only to send to us. I hope you understand that I am not speaking now with a view to business, but as a friend," concluded Mr. Plunkett. "I'll say no more now, for I see you are not yourself."

"Indeed I am not," replied Karl. "I thank you all the same. As soon as I can I must get down to my mother."

Never had Karl imagined distress and anguish so great as that which he witnessed on his arrival at Weymouth. For once all his mother's pride of power had deserted her. She flung herself at the feet of Karl, demanding *why* he did not persist in his objection to the contemplated attempt, and interfere openly, even by declaring all to the governor of Portland prison, and to save his brother. It was altogether too distressing for Karl to bear.

The first account was in the main correct. Adam Wynne and the warder were both dead; the one shot, the other drowned.

It was understood that the body might be given up to them for burial. Though whether this was a special favor, according to the entreaties of Mrs. Wynne, or a not-unusual one, Karl knew not. He would have thought it better that the interment should have been at Weymouth, and made one of the utmost privacy; but Mrs. Wynne would have him taken to Foxwood, and she dispatched Karl thither to make arrangements.

On the day but one after Karl reached Foxwood, all that remained of poor Sir Adam arrived. Mrs. Wynne came in company. She could not bear to part even with the dead.

"I wish I could have seen him," remarked Karl, sadly, as he stood with his hand on the coffin.

"I have seen him, Karl," she answered, amid her blinding tears. "They suffered me to look at him. His face was peaceful."

They, and they only, saving Hewitt, attended the funeral. He was buried in the family vault, side by side with Sir Joseph and Lady Wynne.

What an ending, for a young man who, but a few short months before, had been full of health and hope and life!

But the world, in its cold charity, said it was better so.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE AVENUE D'ANTIN.

New Year's Day. Or, as the French more emphatically term it, the Jour de l'An. Gay groups were strolling along the Boulevards in the glowing sunshine, gazing at the costly strennes displayed in the tempting shops; women glancing at the perfect attire of other women that passed; men doffing their hats so perpetually that it almost seemed they might as well have kept them off altogether; children in their fantastic costumes chattering to their mothers and turning their little heads on all sides; all, men, women and children apparently free from every care, save that of pleasure, which constitutes so observable a feature in Parisian life.

Amidst the crowd, passing onwards with a listless step, as if pleasure had no part in his heart and he had no use for strennes, was a solitary individual, a distinguished-looking man of pleasing features and altogether refined face, whom few of the traversers could have mistaken for aught but an Englishman. His mourning apparel and a certain air of sadness that pervaded his face seemed to be in unison. Several women, ingrained coquettes from their birth, as French women nearly all are born to be, threw glances of admiration at the handsome man, in spite of the fact that their husbands—for that one day—were at their side; and wondered what near relative he had lost. But the gentleman passed on his listless way, seeing them not, and utterly unconscious that any answering glances from his own eyes were coveted. It was Sir Karl Wynne.

Close upon the burial of his ill-fated brother Adam, Mrs. Wynne, prostrate with grief and trouble, took to confine herself to her own apartment at Foxwood Court. Karl found himself nearly altogether excluded from her presence. Even at meals she declined to join him, and caused them to be served for herself apart. "Do you wish me away from Foxwood?" Karl one day asked her. "I do: I would be entirely alone," was her reply. "I am aware that Foxwood is yours now, Karl, and you may think I have no right to express a hint that you might for a time leave it; but I feel that the chance of my regaining strength and spirits would be greater if left entirely to myself; your presence here is a strain upon me."

The answer was to Karl welcome as sunshine in harvest. He had been longing to travel, to try and find some relief from his thoughts in hitherto untrodden scenes; consideration for his mother—the consciousness that it would be wrong both in duty and affection to leave her—had alone prevented his proposing it. Within four-and-twenty hours he had quitted Foxwood.

But Karl was not so soon to quit England. Various matters had to be settled in regard to the estate; and when he reached London his lawyers, Plunkett and Plunkett, said they should want him for a little while. The crime committed by Sir Adam so immediately upon the death of Sir Joseph, had caused a vast deal of necessary business to remain in abeyance. Certain indispensable law proceedings to be gone through, had to be gone through now. So Karl Wynne perforce took up his temporary abode in London; and at the end of a week or two he crossed over the water, Vienna being his first halting-place. The sojourn there of a former brother officer, Capt. Lamprey, who had been Karl's chiefest friend, and stuck to him in his misfortunes, induced it. Captain Lamprey was staying in Vienna with his newly-married wife, and he wrote to ask Karl to join them. Karl did so. Captain Lamprey's term of leave expired the end of December. He and his wife were going home to spend the Christmas, and Karl accompanied them as far as Paris. Mrs. Wynne, in answer to a question from Karl, whether she would like him to return to her for Christmas, had given him a resolute and ungracious No.

So here he was in Paris. It was all the same to him; this resting-place or that resting-place. His life had been blighted in more ways than one. Of Lucy Cleeve he thought still a great deal too much for his peace. She was far enough removed from him in all senses of the word. In a letter received by Captain Lamprey from some friends in Winchester, it was stated that the Cleeves were wintering in Egypt. Where Karl's own place of sojourn was next to be he had not yet decided but his thoughts rather turned towards every chief continental city that was famed for its gallery of paintings. Karl had the eye of a true artist: to gaze at good paintings was now the only pleasure of his life. He had not yet anything like done with those in Paris and Versailles.

On his course along the Boulevards, passed he. Now and again his eyes turned toward the lovely entrennes with a longing; once in a way, when the throngs allowed him, he halted to look and admire. A longing to buy entrennes himself, and that he had some one to give them to when bought. It was not well possible for any body to feel more completely isolated from the happy world than did Karl Wynne.

"How d'ye do, Sir Karl? Charming day for the holiday, is it not?"

Sir Karl made some answering assent, raised his hat, bowed, and passed on. The remark had come from an Englishman with whom he had a slight acquaintance, who had come out shop-gazing with his flock of daughters.

He went straight home then to his hotel—Hotel Mantaigne, Rue Montaigne. As he crossed the courtyard, the landlord—a ponderous gentleman with a ponderous watch-chain—came out and gave him same letters. From some cause the English delivery had been late that morning.

One of the letters was from Captain Lamprey, the other from Plunkett and Plunkett. Neither contained any interest; neither thought to wish him happiness for the New Year. It was all the same to Karl Wynne; the New Year could not have much happiness in store for him.

He strolled out again, turning his steps towards the Champs Elysees. It was but one o'clock yet, and the brightest part of the day. At one of the windows of the palace he fancied he caught a transient glimpse of the Empress. Shortly afterwards, the peculiar clatter of the Prince Imperial's escort was heard advancing, surrounding the little prince in his carriage.

The Champs Elysees were bright today. Children attired in silks and satins were playing in the sun, their bonnes sitting by in their holiday costume.

New Year's Day and All Saints' Day are the two most dressy epochs in the year, as everybody knows. Invalids sat in the warmth; ladies flitted hither and thither like gay butterflies. By a mere chance—Karl always thought it so—his eyes fell on two ladies seated alone on a distant bench. Involuntarily his steps halted; his heart leaped up with a joyous bound. They were Mrs. and Miss Cleeve.

But, ah! how ill she looked—Lucy. The bounding heart fell again as though some dead weight were pressing it. Thin, worn, white, with dark circles round the eyes, and lips that seemed to have no life in them.

For a moment Karl wondered whether he might not approach and question her, but he remembered his bargain with Colonel Cleeve.

They did not see him; they were looking at some children in front of them, playing at "Malborough s'en va-t-en guerre." Karl pursued the path he was on, which would carry him away from their bench at right angles. He resolved that if they saw him he would go up and speak, if they did not, he must continue his way.

And he had to continue it. Mrs. Cleeve, who did not look to be in strong health either, seemed absorbed by the play and the childish voices chanting the chanson; Lucy had now bent her forehead upon her hand, as though some ache were there. Karl went on, out of sight, his brow aching, too.

"Bon jour, monsieur."

The salutation, which had a touch of surprised pleasure in its tone, came from a natty-looking little Frenchwoman, with a thin red face and shrewd gray eyes. She might have been given five-and-thirty years, but in the register of her native *Mairie* would have been hard upon forty. She was Lucy's maid—formerly her nurse.

"C'est vous Aglae!"

"Mais oui, monsieur."

"I thought I saw Mrs. and Miss Cleeve sitting on a bench just now," continued Karl, changing his language. "Are you staying in Paris?"

"Oh, very long since," replied Aglae, to whom both languages were nearly alike. "Our apartment is close by, sir—a small house in the Avenue d'Antin. The delight to find myself in my proper land again, where I can go about without one of those vilain bonnets, and hear no street gamins hoot at me, is untellable."

"I understood that Colonel Cleeve and his family had gone to Egypt for the winter?" observed Karl.

"To Egypt, or to some other place of barbarisme; so it was projected, sir, but my young lady, Miss Lucy, is not strong enough to be taken."

"What is the matter with her?" asked Karl, with assumed quietness.

"The matter. Oh! The matter is, that she has no happiness left in her heart, sir," cried Aglae, explosively, as if in deep resentment against things in general. "It's dried up. And if they don't mind, she will just go unwarningly out of life. That is my opinion, sir, and mind, sir, I do not say it without reason."

A slight blush mantled in Karl's face. He seemed to be watching a red paper kite that was sailing beneath the blue sky.

"They see it now, both of them—the colonel and madame; they see that she's slipping away from them, and they are ill. Ah! but the senseless—what you call it?—distinction—that the English set up!"

"But what is the cause?" asked Karl, though it seemed to him that he could discern quite well without being answered.

Aglae threw her shrewd eyes into his.

"I think, sir, you might tell it for yourself, that. She has not been well since that fever. She was not well before the fever, since—since about the month of May."

He drew in his lips. Aglae, with native independence, continued to stare at him.

"Why don't you call and see her, sir?"

"Because—well, I suppose you know, Aglae. I should not be welcome to Colonel and Mrs. Cleeve."

"And the poor young lady, who never did harm to living soul, is to be let shrink down into her grave for the sake of English prejudice! I can see. I've got my wits about me, and have seen it all along. My service to you, sir. Bon jour."

The maid went on in a rage, her dainty cap nodding, her smart boots going down rather more noisily than was needful.

Sir Karl walked about until the daylight was fading, and then strode back rapidly to his hotel with the air of a man who is about to carry out some resolution that will not wait. *He* was. A resolution that had been floating in his mind before he saw Lucy or encountered her maid.

Colonel Cleeve was seated alone that evening in his dining-room in the Avenue d'Antin, when a letter was delivered to him. For a few minutes he let it lie unheeded. The thoughts he was buried in were very sad ones—they ran on the decaying strength of his only daughter. It seemed to him and Mrs. Cleeve that unless some wonderful change—say a miracle, for instance—interposed, Lucy's life was not worth many weeks' purchase. They knew now—he and his wife—that the parting with Karl Wynne had been too cruel for her.

Arousing himself from his gloomy visions, the colonel opened the note—which had been left by hand. Why here was a strange thing. He started in surprise—started when he saw the contents of the letter and the signature appended. Had the miracle come!

It was one of the plain, candid, and straight-forward letters so characteristic of Karl Wynne. He said that he had chanced to see Miss Cleeve that day, and he had been shocked by her appearance; that he had happened to hear from Aglae subsequently how very alarmingly she was failing. He then went on to add, with shrinking deprecation, every word of which told of the most sensitive refinement, that he feared the trouble of last May might have had something to do with it, and he still telling upon her. He then put a statement of his affairs, as to possessions and income, before Colonel Cleeve, and asked whether he might presume again to address Lucy now that he could offer a good settlement and make her Lady Wynne.

Three times over Colonel Cleeve read the note, pausing well to reflect between each time. Then he sent for his wife.

"He is of no family—and there's that dreadful slur upon it besides," remarked the colonel, talking it over. "But it may be the saving of Lucy's life."

"It is a good letter," said Mrs. Cleeve, reading it through her eyeglass.

"It's as good and proper a letter as any young man could write. All his instincts are honorable. Some men might have written to Lucy herself. Putting aside his lack of family and the other disrepute, we could not wish a better son-in-law than Sir Karl Wynne."

"Yes," deliberated Mrs. Cleeve, after a pause. "True. The disadvantages are great; but they seem little when balanced against the chance of restoring Lucy's life. She will be a baronet's wife; she will be sufficiently rich; and—I think—she will be intensely happy."

"Then I'll send for him," said Colonel Cleeve.

The interview took place on the following morning. It was a peculiar one. Just as plainly open as Karl had been in his letter, so was the Colonel now.

"I think it may be the one chance of saving my child's life," he said: "for there is no denying that she was very much attached to you, Sir Karl. Sitting alone after dinner last evening, I was telling myself that nothing short of a miracle could help her: the doctors say they can do nothing, the malady is on her mind—though for my part I think the chief ill is the weakness left by that ague-fever. Your letter came to interrupt my thoughts; and when I read it I wondered whether that was the miracle."

"If you will only give me Lucy, my whole life shall be devoted to her best comfort, sir," he said, in a low tone. "My happiness was wrecked equally with hers; but I am a man and therefore stronger to bear."

"Nothing would have induced me to give her to you had your brother lived," resumed the Colonel. "If I am too plain in what I say I must beg you to excuse it; but it is well that we should understand each other thoroughly. Yourself I like; I always have liked you; but the disgrace reflected upon you was so great while your brother was living, a convict, that to see Lucy your wife then would I think have killed both me and Mrs. Cleeve. Take it at the best, it would have embittered our lives forever."

"Had my unfortunate brother lived, I should never have attempted to ask for her, Colonel Cleeve."

"Right. I have observed that on most subjects your ideas coincide with my own. Rather than that—the disgrace to her and to us; and grievous though the affliction it had brought to me and her mother—we would rather have laid our child to rest."

The deep emotion with which Colonel Cleeve spoke—the generally self-contained man whose calmness almost bordered on apathy—proved how true the words were, and how terribly the sense of disgrace would have told upon him.

"But your unhappy brother has paid the forfeit of his crimes by death, Sir Karl; and it is to be hoped and expected that in time the remembrance of him and of what he did will die out of people's minds. Therefore we have resolved to trust to this and give you Lucy. It will be better than to let her die."

Sir Karl Wynne drew in his slender lips. But that he had passed through a course of most bitter humiliation—and that, wherever it falls, seems for the time to wash out pride—he might have shown resentment at the last words. The Colonel saw he felt the sting; and he wished it had not been his province to inflict it.

"It was best to explain this, Sir Karl. Pardon me for its sound of harshness. And now that it is over and done with, let me say that never for a moment have I or Mrs. Cleeve blamed you. It was not your fault that your brother lost himself; neither could you have helped it; and we have both felt almost as sorry for you as though you had been a relative of our own. I beg that henceforth his name may never be mentioned between you and us; the past, so far as regards him, must be as though it had never been. Will you see Lucy?"

"If I may," replied Karl, a smile succeeding to the sadness on his face. "Does she know I am here?"

"She knows nothing. Her mother thought it might be better that I should see you first. You can tell her all yourself, Sir Karl. But mind you do it quietly, for she is very weak."

Lucy happened to be alone in the salon. She sat in a great red velvet armchair as big as a canopy, looking at the pretty etrenne her mother had given her on the previous day—a bracelet of links studded with turquoise and a drooping turquoise heart. A smile of gratitude parted her lips; though tears stood in her eyes, for she did not believe she should live to wear it long.

"Lucy," said her father, looking in as he opened the door, "I have brought you a visitor who has called—Sir Karl Wynne."

Lucy rose in trembling astonishment; the morocco case, which had been on her lap, falling to the ground. She wore a dress of violet silk, and Aglae had folded about her a white shawl—for chilliness was present still. Karl advanced, and the Colonel shut them in together.

He took both her hands in his, slipping the bracelet on to her attenuated wrist—and quietly held them. The poor wan face and the hectic color his presence had called up, had all his attention just then.

"I saw you in the Champ Elysees yesterday, Lucy. It pained me very much to see you so much changed."

"Did you see me? I was there with mamma. It is the fever I had in the summer that hangs about me and does not let me yet get strong."

"Is it nothing else, Lucy?"

The hectic deepened to crimson. The soft brown eyes drooped beneath the gaze of his.

"I fancied there might be another cause for it, Lucy; and I have ventured to say so to Colonel Cleeve. He agrees with me."

"You—you were not afraid to call here!" she exclaimed, as if the fact were a subject of wonder.

"What I had to say to Colonel Cleeve I wrote by letter. After that he invited me to call."

Karl sat down on the red sofa opposite the chair, and put Lucy by him, his arm entwining her waist.

"I want you," he said, "to tell me exactly what it is that keeps you from getting strong, Lucy."

"But I cannot tell you, for I don't know," she answered with a little sob. "I wish I could get well, Karl—for poor papa and mamma's sake."

"Do you think I could do anything towards the restoration, Lucy?" he continued, drawing her closer to his heart.

"What could you do?"

"Watch you, and tend you, and love you. And—and make you my wife."

"Don't jest, Karl," she said, whispering and trembling. "You know it may not be."

"But if Colonel and Mrs. Cleeve say that it may be?"

The tone of his voice was redolent of anything but jesting; it was one of deep truthful emotion. Lucy looked questioningly up at him.

"Oh, Karl, don't play with me! What do you mean?"

He caught the sweet face and held it to his. His own hands were trembling, his face was pale as hers. But she could not mistake his grave earnestness.

"It means, my darling, that you are to be mine for ever. My wife; Lady Wynne. They are going to give you to me: your father brought me here that I might myself break it to you."

A minute's doubting look; a slight shiver as if the joy were too great; and then with a soft sigh she let her head fall on his breast—its future resting place.

"And what's this that you were looking at, Lucy?" he asked, after a while, turning the pretty bracelet round and round her wrist.

"Mamma bought it for me yesterday for my New Year's etrenne. I was thinking—before you came—that I might not live to wear it."

"I was thinking yesterday, Lucy, as I walked along the Boulevards that I would give a great deal to have some one to buy etrennes for. It is not too late, is is? Meanwhile——"

Breaking off this sentence he took a very rare ring from his finger, one of the most brilliant of opals encompassed by diamonds. She had never seen him wear it before.

"Oh, how very beautiful!" she exclaimed, as it flashed in a gleam of reflected sunlight.

"I do not give it to you, Lucy," he said, putting it upon her finger. "I lend it to you until I can find another fit to replace it. That may be in a day or so. This ring was my father's; made a present to him by an Eastern Sultan, to whom he was able to render an essential service. At my father's death it came to my brother; and—later—to me."

Karl's voice dropped as he was concluding. Lucy Cleeve felt for him; she knew what he must feel at the allusion. She glided her hand into his unsought.

"So until then this shall be the earnest of our betrothal, Lucy. You must take care of it; and of my love."

"Karl, I think Heaven must have been at work for us!" she softly whispered, her eyes wet with tears of joy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CENTENNIAL SOUVENIR.—Among the numerous Centennial novelties which are being brought to our notice every day, we think the "Centennial Liberty Bell Inkstand" deserves a special mention, combining as it does utility and elegance with the "Centennial" feature. As a souvenir of the Centennial year it is very appropriate, as it is a fac-simile of the famous Bell in Independence Hall, in bronze, on a nickle-plated base, and contains a movable glass well for the ink. It is for sale, by Mr. B. Blomfield, 80 N. Fifth Street, Phila.

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AGRICULTURAL.

AN orchard near Santa Barbara, California, contains 12,000 almond trees, 1000 English walnut trees, 5000 olive trees, 6000 eucalyptus and 6000 grape vines.

SOUTH CAROLINA proposes to engage in the culture of jute, the coast lands being very favorable for it, while the planters are becoming tired of raising sea island cotton and rice.

SEVEN heifers of the variety known as the "Rose of Sharon," recently purchased in Kentucky at a cost of $35,000, arrived in Jersey city last week. They were purchased for English account, and were duly shipped to their destination.

PLOWING.—No plow should be put into the ground until the soil is dry. When a spadeful of earth thrown down crumbles into a loose mellow heap, the plows may be started, but not while the spade comes out of the ground smeared and soiled.

CREAM should not be kept over two days or forty-eight hours. If kept longer its flavor will be hurt. Three days will show it, and the fourth it will be spoiled. After that good butter cannot be made from the cream, however carefully it may have been kept, and however pure the air and the milk from which it is made.

THE *Rural New Yorker* strongly recommends the use of charcoal as a medicine for sick animals. The editor says that nearly all sick animals become so by improper feeding in the first place. Nine cases out of ten the digestion is wrong. Charcoal is the most efficient and rapid corrective. It will cure a majority of cases, if properly administered.

SICK FOWLS.—When fowls appear out of order and lose appetite, a change of food is often sufficient to restore them. The food should be mixed with a little linseed meal, and a small quantity of pepper and a small piece of copperas dissolved in their drinking water would be useful. Fowls suffer more from want of clean water, and from badly ventilated and unclean roosting-places, than from any other cause.

A GOOD domestic filter is easily constructed of a deep wooden tub divided by a tight vertical partition through the middle, the partition being perforated near the bottom. The tub should be nearly filled on both sides of the partition with granulated charcoal, made from sugar maple, and screened through a mesh of one-sixteenth of an inch, the fine dust being separated by bolting. The foul water enters the tub on one side, passes down and through the holes in the partition, and rises up on the other side, leaving all its impurities in the charcoal.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Fruits and vegetables are often planted together; the small fruits, such as blackberries, raspberries, etc., are put along the fence rows, and it is no wonder that in such spots the fruit is poor in quality and quantity. Where it is possible, the two gardens should be separate, as this allows better culture for both fruits and vegetables. There is nearly always some wall or building against the sheltered side of which may be planted one or more grape vines. The border should be dug out, and properly filled with good fresh soil, and if any fertilizer is used, let it be broken bones. In two or three years a fine crop of fruit may be gathered. There is no excuse for a lack of fruit on any farm in the country; there are numerous places around every farm house where small fruits may be easily grown, if a little pains be taken.

THE Jersey milking can is of tin, globular, with a flat bottom and a rim around it. The upper part of the globe is open, and has a flaring top, which is about eight inches in diameter at the edge. A handle, like a pitcher handle, is upon one side, attached to this flaring top. When in use, a rather closely woven linen napkin is tied over the top, and under the handle, so that it will sag down into the can to a depth of three inches or so. In this sag of the strainer a seashell is laid—one of the shells of a scallop being usually employed. The streams of milk strike into the shell, and the foam soon rises and nearly fills the strainer; specks of falling dirt mostly rest upon the top of the foam. Those which are carried down wash over the edge of the shell, and lie beneath it. There is no spattering, and the milk is obtained entirely free from hairs and specks of dirt, while soluble dirt, which sometimes falls in, comes as little as possible in contact with the milk.

FEED CATTLE WELL.—There are some farmers, even at this late day, who think it will not pay to feed the best of hay and grain to their cows giving milk, but rest content by feeding to them only fine, mixed or small hay without grain. We are of a very different opinion. From our observation, we say it will pay not only to give the best of hay to such animals, but roots, corn meal, shorts and such other food as shall be equally good for them; and by such feeding, and such only, can the best results be obtained. If an account is opened with the cows fed in this way, and those equally good fed in the other or cheap way, it will be found that there is a larger profit to be obtained from the high feeding. Milkmen feed brewers' grains and oil cake to their animals, and possibly force them too much for their good; but while the animal lasts they get good results. It is not true economy to try to keep cattle through the winter on poor hay, and obtain only meagre results, while the animals are almost sure to come out poor in the spring. If there are any who do not believe our position is a correct one, just let them try the experiment of feeding, and note the results.

WHILE PASTOR OF THE CANTON CHURCH, New Jersey, some years ago, I temporarily lost my voice, and was in consequence unable to preach for a year. Last spring I began to have all the symptoms of losing it again. I labored with great difficulty, fearing each time I preached would be the last. In July I commenced using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, at the same time rubbing my throat and chest freely with the Liniment. I gargled my throat daily according to the direction given in Dr. Jayne's Almanac, at the same time taking the Expectorant regularly. Feeling very much better, I discontinued the use of the Gargle and the Liniment, but still kept on with the Expectorant. This winter I have been more exposed, and preach oftener than for many years past, and yet my voice seems to be growing stronger, and were it not for the requirements of my calling, I firmly believe a permanent cure would be effected by the Expectorant. At all events the good it has done, and is doing me, makes me anxious to recommend it to all who are suffering from Throat or Lung Complaint.—*Rev. W. Pike, Lakeville, Washington County, N. Y.*

FACETIÆ.

Deacon R. is a little hard of hearing. The other morning Dr. W. took breakfast with him, and during the meal Miss A. apologized to the doctor for not having set him a moustache cup.

"Masquash trap! What about a masquash trap?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Mous'ache cup," explained the doctor.

"Oh, mouse trap, no, we don't need one, we always keep a cat," and the old gentleman retired within himself, while the young folks retired to explode.

One afternoon, in a "Down East" grocery store, an old man came in for a drink of cider. The grocer had some which, having been frozen and thawed several times, was about as poor a drink as could be found between here and the Black Hills. A glass having been poured out for him, he drank it with the remark that it was "mussed poor cider."

"Don't you know," said a veteran loafer, "the way they made that cider? They just set up a cask of water and throw rotten apples at it."

"Well," said the man, as he slowly extracted three coppers from his wallet and paid for his drink, "they didn't hit it more'n once."

Simple Medical Practice.—An English traveler arrived at one of those comfortable inns in the north of Scotland, although probably ranking below Dalnacardoch or Dalwhinnie, and told the landlord that he felt unwell, at which the latter expressed his regret.

"What medical officer," said he, "have you here?"

"Medical officer, div ye say, sir?"

"I wish to see a physician."

"Whatten kind o' man is he?"

"Confound it, I want some medicine."

"Weel, sir, we've only twa medicines in this pairt o' the country; tar for the outside of the sheep, and whisky for the inside o' oursels."

How They Fixed It.—A New Yorker, while journeying the other day, was recognized by another citizen doing business near the Bowery, he being also away from home on business, and after a little preliminary conversation the first remarked:

"Well, I hear that you had to make an assignment."

"Yes, dat is so," replied the other.

"And your brother over on Chatham street; he assigned, too, didn't he?"

"You see it was just like dis," said the Bowery man. "I was owing a goot deal. I makes over my stock to Jacob, and Jacob makes over his stock to me, and I do his persness and he does my persness, and dem fellers what was after money doan get some!"

Making it a Safe Investment.—A colored resident of Detroit, who occasionally lends a few dollars on good security, was the other day invited to lend a neighboring cobbler $30 on a note of hand running thirty days.

"Suppose dat note comes due and you haven't de cash?" inquired the capitalist.

"But I will have."

"But spose you haven't?"

The cobbler couldn't get over that, and he was looking very serious, when the capitalist got a bright idea, and said:

"We kin fix dat. You make de note, you see. You may be good or you may not be. I'm good, and we bof know it, 'cause here's de cash right here. You make de note and I'll back it. I knows myself, you see, and de capitalist who won't lend money on his own 'dorsement hain't no business head on him!"

And they fixed it that way.

Tipkins' Good Disguise.—Though but six days intervene between now and Mardi Gras some of the people are already becoming impatient for the carnival day to arrive. This impatience seems general, though among those who expect to participate it is greater than elsewhere. Yesterday Thomas Tipkins became so impatient about how he would celebrate the carnival that he resolved to put on the disguise he expects to wear. This disguise is that of a plantation negress. Having procured the outfit, Tipkins donned the same and appeared at the rear of his residence. He knocked, and his wife answered.

"Kinder understands as how you wishes a cook, mum," said he.

"We wish no cook; go away," responded the wife.

"You needn't be so sassy; 'pears to me you're dreffal stuck up, 'sidering I'se as good as you," remarked the disguised one.

"As good as me!" shrieked the wife, seizing a bucket of cold water, and throwing it full upon the Mardi Gras man; "as good as me, take that," and as she spoke she threw the water, and then beat him about the head with the bucket.

The disguised husband cried out his identity, but the irate woman did not seem to comprehend until after poor Tipkins had been put in a tolerably fair way to be sick until after Mardi Gras.

WOMEN'S WORK OF ECONOMY.

A suggestive account has just been published by a German woman in this country of the work done by certain women in Berlin in reducing the price of living in that city. In 1866 Mrs. Lena Morgenstern, with two or three other ladies of wealth and influence, finding that the cost of provisions was enormous, established several Volk's-Kitchen or people's kitchens—restaurants where meals could be had at the retail cost of the materials alone. In 1873 these women determined to bring their charity into their own homes by forming a Housekeepers' Association, whose object should be the reduction of the cost of living, the promotion of plain and economical habits, and the improvement of the condition of servants. In 1874 there were 250 members. Co-operative laundries, bakeries, intelligence-offices, and stores for groceries, meats, and provisions were opened, all under the supervision of women. At the present time the membership embraces 6,000 families, and issues a weekly paper of a high order, containing its price lists, etc. The central bureau imports its supplies direct from China, France, Java, the United States, etc., and is thus enabled to supply the co-operative trade throughout Europe. Coal is also purchased wholesale by the association, and sold in accurately measured cars, an improvement on our own system which every householder in New York or Philadelphia will appreciate. The whole of this vast business enterprise is managed—and accurately managed—by women. Their last annual statistical report is as suggestive and forcible a commentary as any sermon on women's duties, work, and neglected opportunities.

A Japanese philosopher says: "If we observe the practice of Europeans, it would appear that the power of the wife is greater than that of the husband. In going through a door the wife passes first, and the husband follows her. She takes the best seat, and he takes the next best. In visiting friends, the wife is first saluted. Besides, in conversation with ladies, men must be particular what they say, while if the men wish to smoke, they must actually ask permission of the ladies, or leave the room." Observing which, the philosopher concludes that it is time for learned men in Japan, as well as in England, to stir themselves, lest the power of the other sex expand until it becomes so overwhelming that it will be uncontrollable. The error, he thinks, has been brought about by "the want of a correct view of the dictates of nature," and he closes with a solemn admonition that woman shall be taught her duty, to the end that feminine encroachments on masculine prerogatives may cease.

Information is valuable indeed when it holds only the outline of a truth, but when it retains the whole measurement of it so far as a heart can measure a truth, then information has reached its best estate. In the first years of life truths of conduct, of religion, of right, of happiness lie in the mind only like outline pictures, silhouettes, the blank profile of the fact, but then the middle life and the final manhood come and make a full-face view of the same truth, with all the colors on the face and the lips about to speak. Thus days speak, and years teach wisdom.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

Under the head of "The Minister's Wife," the London Baptist Magazine has the following bit of pleasant satire:

"The minister's wife ought to be selected by a committee of the church. She should be warranted never to have headache or neuralgia; she should have nerves of wire and sinews of iron; she should never be tired nor sleepy, and should be everybody's cheerful drudge; she should be cheerful, intellectual, pious, and domesticated; she should be able to keep her husband's house, darn his stockings, make his shirts, cook his dinner, light his fire, and copy his sermons; she should keep up the style of a lady on the wages of a day laborer, and be always at leisure for 'good works,' and ready to receive morning calls; she should be secretary to the Band of Hope, the Dorcas Society, and the Home Mission; she should conduct Bible classes and mothers' meetings; she should make clothing for the poor and gruel for the sick; and, finally, she should be pleased with everybody and everything, and never desire any reward beyond the satisfaction of having done her own duty and other people's, too."

Are We Degenerating.—Bayard Taylor says that the assertion that woman always held an inferior position to man, is glaringly false, for in ancient Egypt it is well known that women were honored and respected equally with men. Women often sat upon the throne and administered the affairs of government. There was also in Egypt a lofty appreciation of the marriage tie, and the wife's name was often placed before that of her husband, and the sons frequently bore the names of the mothers instead of those of the fathers. It is impossible, he says, to look upon the statutes of this period, and not feel what a high degree of culture was fairly claimed by the race. The surgical instruments are identical with those of the present day, and various household utensils the same. So it follows that the more woman is equalized with man in the affairs of life, the greater the degree of civilization.

Washington's Horses.—According to G. W. Custis' recollections, the grooming of Geo. Washington's white horses was something surprising. The night before these horses were expected to be ridden they were covered entirely over with a paste, of which whiting was the principal component part; then the animals were swathed in body clothes and left to sleep upon clean straw. In the morning the composition had become hard, was well rubbed in and curried and brushed, which process gave to the coats a beautiful glossy and satin-like appearance. The hoofs were then blackened and polished, the mouth washed, teeth picked and cleaned, and the leopard-skin housings being properly adjusted, the white chargers were led out for service.

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The most certain way to render powerless the miasmatic vapors which produce chills and fever and other malarious disorders, is to fortify the system against them with that matchless preventive of periodic fevers, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The remedial operation of the Bitters is no less certain than their preventive effects, and they may be relied upon to overcome cases of fever and ague which resist quinine and the mineral remedies of the pharmacœonia. Dyspepsia, constipation, bilious complaints, rheumatic ailments, and general debility, likewise, rapidly yield to their regulative and tonic influence. They are an incalculable blessing to the weak and nervous of both sexes, an excellent family medicine, and the best safeguard which the traveler or emigrant can take to an unhealthy climate.

Domestic Felicity.—Everything that can be procured through the agency of love, affection or wealth, is often found in many of our far famed, beautiful and hospitable mansions. Yet this delightful state of things may be marred by the slightest accident, such as the loss of a choice book, the ruin of a rare gem, or that most annoying and painful accident, a severe burn. The cries and lamentation dependent upon the first two are soon hushed as the thought recurs to the fact that they can easily be replaced with money. The third one, however, is the most serious, a thousand and one remedies are proposed, yet none allays the intense pain, nor gives relief to the anguish of mind (always incidental to a severe burn), but which, when healed, the new skin will "contract" and form those disfiguring scars so often seen. The only known remedy for the instant relief of the intense pain and preventative of the "contraction of the skin is Dr. P. J. Griffen & Co.'s Universal Hemorrhoidal, seventy-five cents, and Pyrine twenty-five cents. They should be in every house. Ask your chemist for them, or address, with stamp, Dr. P. G. Griffen & Co., No. 114 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia. Mention this paper.

The Westminster of New York.—Chas. Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and many other distinguished visitors to New York, have made their home at the Westminster Hotel, from which fact it may be inferred that the Westminster is one of the most select and comfortable of the New York Hotels. The rates of charges, however, are not higher than those of other first-class houses, but the unexcelled accommodations, the excellent and convenient location, and the comparative quiet of the neighborhood, give it peculiar and decided advantages. It is conducted on the European plan, and located almost in the centre of the city, on 16th Street and Irving Place, but one block from Broadway and Union Square, near the great stores and theatres. See card in advertising columns.

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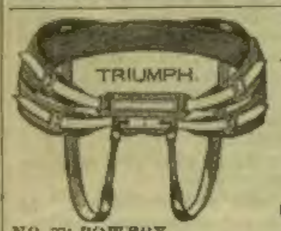

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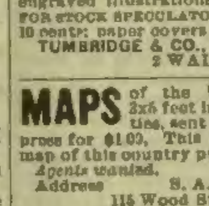

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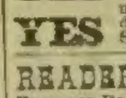

THE BOUDOIR.

We know of no fancy so well pronounced, as our French friends would say, in the many whims of the present age, as the taste for lace of all kinds, and to adorn every article of wear. Good news, certainly, for the patient deft-handed lace makers who sit, many of them, through the tedious days of an entire lifetime, plying their work, losing health and precious eyesight, receiving bare pittances for their toil. We should have specified, in speaking of the growing passion for lace, that, by all who can afford it, the choice is given to real lace—Valenciennes, point d'Alencon, Chantilly, and Honiton. Chantilly laces in particular has taken a new lease in popular favor, so much so, that the manufacture of it is no longer confined to the district from whence it derived its name, and which for a long while held the monopoly of the trade in it.

We have seen some beautiful pardessus or outer garments in black Sicilienne and fine cashmere, trimmed with it. One from a Parisian model was long, with loose sacque front, and back laid in large plaits under the seams at the waist at the middle of the back. The side pieces were cut dolman shape, to form long hanging sleeves. Instead of hanging free, as the ordinary dolman sleeve pattern is arranged, these sleeves are caught up underneath, and made to form loose paletot sleeves. The garment is slashed up the middle behind, and trimmed to correspond with the garniture around the bottom. A double row of wide braid defines a collar in front with square ends, which slopes away towards the back, crossing the shoulders, and forming a square plastron behind, which extends below the waist. This plastron is edged with lace, Chantilly, two inches wide, and of a delicate design. The braid is silk, basket-woven design. Two rows of it trim the edges of the garment, the slashing at the back, and up the front, lace being placed on the lower edge of the outer row of braid. Bows of two inch wide ribbon, with long hanging ends, close the front.

For married ladies or elderly persons this wrap is at once graceful and dignified.

Appropriateness of costume to the different ages and states of life are too little regarded here, and it is not inappropriate here to touch upon the subject. In arts and sciences we are not behind other nations, nor should we remain so in taste. In France it is said they (meaning the ladies, of course) have attained to the high art of growing old gracefully. Here you send the fair sex into fits of horror if you even allude to the possibility of age; and, we regret to say, it is no uncommon sight to see a plump, comely mamma of forty, attired in the same style, with the same delicate, trying tints of color that are worn by her youngest daughter, just passing through her first season. If, from an artistic point of view, our fashionable dames could realise the necessity of the neutral tints, and the more sombre richness of attire suitable to those past their premiere jeunesse, in contradistinction to the airy lightness and delicate tints of the maidens and the matrons who are yet in summer beauty, they would perhaps the more readily adopt a more suitable style of dress.

Do not let us be misunderstood to say that this want of fine taste is universal in our society, for we do not so mean it, but certainly there is too much of it apparent, enough to mar the effect, in viewing society as a whole.

"A word to the wise," and as we make it a rule to provide descriptions of fashions suitable to all ages, we shall be happy to render any assistance, or offer any suggestion needed.

As the dress for the promenade in the spring season now opening will be a combination of brown and cream tinted goods, we will describe a costume of brown silk, combined with colored cashmere:

The underskirt is of the brown silk, made with one deep box-pleated flounce. The overdress is a polonaise of the cream-colored cashmere, made long and full, with cuirass or Marguerite back. The fronts close diagonally, lapping from left to right; it is closed with bows of ribbon, and trimmed down the front edges with a double ruffle, scantily gathered in the centre. This ruffle is of brown silk if desired, though prettier to our taste in the material of the polonaise. The sleeves are of brown silk, trimmed with a ruffle of brown silk at the wrist; also a "butterfly" bow of brown ribbon on the outer seam. The front of the polonaise is drawn away towards the back, and the widths at the back are gracefully and easily draped. A wide sash of soft brown twilled silk is set on at the side seams, just below the hips, in plaits, and taken back, is tied loosely across the drapery of the back widths. A deep pocket of cashmere, lined with brown silk, and gathered top and bottom, is set on low down on the left side, a bow of ribbon ornamenting the top of it, and a double loop of ribbon, with small ends, the bottom.

Hat to be worn with suit was of ecru chip, with close sides, revers brim in front, and drooping back. Scarf of cream color, about the crown tips of shaded brown and cream-color at the back. A cluster of trailing arbutus in the natural color is placed in front, to the left side somewhat, and carried across the bandeau surmounting the forehead.

In children's toilettes there is nothing seen prettier or more appropriate than the kilt skirts of debege sometimes now worn with an apron overskirt by little girls of nine or ten. We have seen two recently made, one of plaided, the other of light brown debege. The latter had a kilted underskirt and plain apron overskirt, looped on the left side. The waist had a vest front, and short basque. The coat sleeves had pleating of debege at the wrists, sash of brown silk in loops at the back.

The plaided suit was combined with plain gray debege; the underskirt kilted; the overskirt of the plaid, and made with a low peasant waist, sleeveless, having straps crossing the shoulders. The sleeves of the dress were of the plain gray; gray and plaid pocket on the left side of the skirt.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Polonaises are shown in many different designs in the new importations.

Cream-colored cashmere overdresses, worn over brown silk underskirts, will be very popular for the intermediate season.

Spanish lace will be used for trimming grenadines.

Leather chatelaine bags, hanging low at the left side, are worn both for the house and for promenade costumes.

Debege in different shades of brown, combined with plaided brown, is much used for suits.

It is said that Leghorn flats will be fashionable again for children in the summer.

Mitts of white, black and ecru silk thread will be much worn during the Centennial season.

Gray crape masque veils begin to prevail since March has set in.

Ladies, to be stylish, you must have your basques made with back seams beginning on the shoulders.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer, Colladay & Co., for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We have had so many enquiries concerning spring wraps, that we propose to give description in detail of the popular dolman, the model being of black cashmere, trimmed with wide braid, and edged with deep fringe. Number of yards required of cashmere, four, of braid, six to eight; six yards of fringe. The pattern consists of three pieces, sleeve, front and half of back. The back of our model has no side-bodies, though some dolman capes are made with them. The middle seam of the back slopes in to the figure, near the belt, and has a small hand tasted inside at that part, with tapes attached to each end, which tie in front, thereby holding it well in place. The wide sleeves are lined with black Marcelline silk. The front may be closed with bows, or crochet buttons, or else passementerie agraffes. The neck has a small standing collar, lined with silk, if the wearer be tall and slender, but if otherwise, then a Byron collar would be preferable. The braid and fringe define the edges of the bottom and of the sleeves, and if desired can be carried up the middle of the back in three perpendicular rows, commencing at the belt, and finished there with a bow of ribbon. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents; two stamps for mailing.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

LETTICE.—Wear your hair slightly waved, and drawn back at the sides from your forehead.

M. E. H.—We can furnish the canvas for rug, at forty cents per yard, and wool for working it at twenty cents per ounce. An ordinary sized rug will require one yard and a quarter of canvas, and from three to four ounces of wool of different shades desired. We can send all materials by mail or express.

ANNIE.—Your suggestions about combining the solid blue with stripe sent are very correct, and we think will make a pretty suit. We would advise you to trim the front of the basque with the plain goods, after the manner described in answer to "Nettie D." in No. 84, using plain material for that purpose. The overskirt accompanying that basque is worth while imitating, and could be made of the plain blue in front breadths, making the latter long, after the present mode. The overskirt is looped on one side, and is called *La Boiteuse*, or "The Cripple" skirt. In regard to your cashmere jacket, we advise a dolman with hanging sleeves. Can send pattern for twenty-five cents, and two stamps for mailing. Would advise you to trim it with deep fringe and wide braid. NIXON.

SNOW-SHOE AND RIFLE;
OR,
The Trail of the Phantom Moose.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

[This story was commenced in No. 72, Vol. 36. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

NUMBER VIII.

CATCHING YOUNG EAGLES — HOW THE OLD BIRDS DEFEND THEIR YOUNG.

The adventure with the wounded moose related last week confined Luther Knight to a lodge at Androscoggy. His lodge life was not very pleasant to him, for he panted to be at large that he might accompany his companions to the haunts of the white fox. For the reports of the incursion of the valuable animals, though somewhat exaggerated, were well founded, and after patient work several were bagged.

In the catching of the white foxes there were no exciting incidents; the wary animals found the red man's cunning pitted against their own, and in the end saw it triumph.

It was during a fox hunt on the mount that Mehesta, the Smiler, separated from the rest of the party, made a discovery that furnishes us with our present narrative.

I have mentioned that the American eagle is to be seen above the pines of Maine. Far above their snowy branches he bathes his plumage in the golden beams of the sun, while his mate watches the nest on the mountain top. For prey this kingly bird seizes the timid hare gamboling on the whitened ground, or swoops upon the coveys of partridges with swift and sure destruction.

He is the monarch of the air, and the dreaded invader of the pines. Sometimes he darts upon the Indian villages, frightening the women and children and carrying terror to its boundaries. During a severe winter when the animals disappear from the Indian hunter, the eagle is sought for his flesh. The braves scale the mountains and bring down the gallant bird guarding his lofty home.

Mehesta discovered an eagle's nest near the summit of one of Bigelow's ragged peaks. For many minutes he watched the female bird, and her actions told him that several young birds filled the nest.

Having satisfied his curiosity and matured his plans, the Indian boy rejoined the fox hunters, but said nothing about his discovery. That night he walked with Mark and Walter from Androscoggy, and told them all about the eagle's nest.

"We climb mountain and take young eagles," the red youth said with delight.

The idea pleased the boys, and a plan was finally adopted. Before dawn the adventurers were equipped, and left the village before sunrise.

The party consisted of Walter, Mark, Mehesta and Tonquato. Harold, who had been informed of the hunt, concluded to remain with Luther, who hoped to be out again within several days. Kit was told that the party would soon return; the true purport of their mission being kept from him.

Mehesta guided the hunters up the mount, and at last pointed to the nest yet far above their heads.

"I see no eagles," said Walter.

"Old eagles away," returned the Smiler. "This is our time!"

As the party resumed the journey the absence of the strong birds became more marked, and at length the foot of the crag was reached.

The young eagles comprised the object of the hunt, and the boys hoped to bear them alive to Androscoggy. They were prizes worth battling for, and their capture Mehesta believed would silence all talk about the fire hunt.

After a short council at the bottom of the crags, Mehesta and Mark left their companions and began to climb the rocks for the purpose of reaching a spot on a level with but in the rear of the nest. The ascent was toilsome, but the boys, full of enthusiasm, went upward with certainty. From below, Walter and Tonquato watched for the old eagles, which they were ready to shoot with their far reaching rifles.

Many minutes passed away before the climbers reached the designated spot, and when they found themselves there they sat down for a breathing spell. They were near to the summit of the mount, and the beautiful valley lay beneath them. Far away stretched the woods of tall pines, and the frozen surface of Lake Kaddywapta was distinctly visible. It was a scene that filled Mark's heart with its beauty and sublimity, and he wished that landscape-loving Harold was at his side.

After the rest, the situation of the nest was inspected. It was found to have been built on a crag that jutted over the sloping sides of the mountain, and was accessible by a narrow path strewn with broken rocks and whitened bones—the latter the remains of the eagle's feast.

To traverse this path was a dangerous undertaking, for one of the rocks might cause the hunter's fall, in which case he would be precipitated an hundred feet through space and to certain death.

Mark shook his head when he noted the perils that lay between them and the young eagles, which could be seen in the nest.

Mehesta smiled and said:

"Eagles and rocks no scare the Smiler; he go out if white boy watch old eagles with rifle."

"Of course I'll watch the old birds," said Mark; "but I would not advise you to make the attempt."

"Mehesta want young eagle to give to boy who rode the big moose," replied the Indian, and the next minute, having put his rifle aside, he was crawling along the narrow path, knife in hand and eyes wide open.

Now and then he knocked loose stones from the crag and they fell at the feet of the two watchers far below. He proceeded with caution, and ever and anon cast glances above him as if expecting the return of the parent birds. I know that Mehesta, notwithstanding his bravery, did not want to meet the old birds on that dangerous crag.

He saw the young eagles start at sight of him, and looked back upon Mark with a smile.

They were well feathered, and ere long would leave the rocky home for the clouds and the sunlight beyond them.

The smile lingered on Mehesta's lips, when a startling cry came from Mark.

"The eagles are coming!" he shouted; and the young Indian, at whom the little birds were now spitting in angry mood, stopped and looked up.

At the same time the cry of "the eagles!" floated up from the twain below, and the report of Tonquato's rifle was heard.

Sure enough the huge birds had discovered the wouldbe spoilers of their home, and with angry cries hovered over their heads.

"Come back!" cried Mark to Mehesta, who, after looking at the eagles for a moment, was about to go forward again. "Come back! and let the foolish birds go."

But the Indian boy had no intention of returning without the prize for which he had already risked so much. The young eagles were before him, and the wings of the parents already fanned his face.

"Mehesta get one bird!" he shouted back at Mark, who suddenly recoiled, for one of the eagles had made a sudden dart at him.

He saw Mehesta bend over the great and strong nest, and tear one of the golden birds therefrom.

The next instant the male parent swooped upon the stealer, and made him drop the young bird in order to prevent himself from falling from the crag.

Once Mehesta struck fiercely at the eagle with his knife, but inflicted no damage beyond the clipping of several feathers.

The stolen bird fell from the cliff and, fluttering and screaming, descended.

Mark again called for the rash boy, who replied with a smile, and snatched a second bird from the nest. With his prize he was permitted to turn towards the back of the cliff, and Mark hoped that he would be able to secure the young king of the air.

But the old birds were not going to surrender their offspring without a terrible battle, and flew at the despoiler. Mehesta clung tenaciously to the screaming bird and struck at the eagles with his knife. Mark saw blood on his breast and arms, and tried to shoot the aerial warriors. He knew that Walter and Tonquato were scaling the crag for the purpose of joining in the battle.

Half way between the nest and Mark's station, Mehesta, crouching in the narrow path, fought the eagles with desperation. He would not relinquish the young bird, whose beak and well-developed talons tore his flesh. He would have died before surrendering it, such was the stubborn nature of the Smiler.

The air rang with the wild shrieks of the eagles as they darted at Mehesta, to be repulsed by his shining knife. He was growing exhausted, and Mark, seeing this, resolved to save him. Stepping forward the young hero put his foot into the narrow path.

Mehesta seeing his devotion shouted to him to come no further, but Mark Boldly would not obey. Rifle in hand he advanced along the way, brushing the rocks and bones over the sides with his feet and keeping his eye on the eagles.

Suddenly they darted upon him and the wing of one caused him to reel. But he recovered himself, and began to retrace his steps for the respite had enabled Mehesta to advance again. But the birds grew fiercer in their attack, and Mark believed that they would gain the victory. Their attacks were terrible, their very aspect frightening, and the boy regretted the enthusiasm which had brought him into peril.

He sank beneath one of the dreadful swoops, and his rifle, actually knocked from his hands, fell from the height.

He drew his knife and looked at the Smiler too far away to lend assistance. Mehesta's face was sober, and he struck at the birds with the ferocity of despair.

All at once he caught one of the young eagle's legs between his teeth and held it there. Then he rose to his feet and used both hands. The right one which had held the knife now grasped a hatchet, and a lucky blow disabled the female eagle. She fell with a broken wing far down the mountain.

Almost at the same moment Mark inflicted a wound in the breast of the male, and the battle thus suddenly terminated was one long to be remembered.

Walter and Tonquato arrived too late to lend assistance to their friends, and an hour later the entire party returned to Androscoggy with two beautiful golden eagles.

The noble birds were considered great prizes, and for his battle on the crag, Mark received a necklace of eagle beaks from Red Wolf, who called him Lagunato or the Eagle Killer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AT best life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and injured and injurer will pass away. Is it worth while to hate each other?

THE heart softened by the fire of affliction is like the iron when heated in the furnace; capable of receiving impressions and being fashioned at will.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION

of Mr. John Smithers, who has just reached the depot, on his way to the Centennial Buildings. He thinks the Philadelphians must have heard of that big pumpkin of his that got the prize at last year's show.

HER VALENTINE.

This is the plan that a young lady in this city hit upon for forcing from a diffident and backward lover a declaration which she had been anxiously expecting for the last two years.

St. Valentine's day passed without her receiving any gilt-edged token of love from him, so the next afternoon she slipped down to Eighth street. Pausing a moment before a store window filled with pictures of little Cupids, with featherless wings peppering away at already arrowful hearts, she entered.

An involuntary smile flitted across the clerk's face as she inquired for some "awful lovely valentines," and soon the counter was covered with love missives enough to supply Brigham Young, if he still retains his courting way. Selecting a very handsome one with a horribly rhyming verse of heart-y poetry, strong enough to melt the heart of the most obdurate of old bachelors, she requested the clerk to enclose it in an envelope which she had directed to—herself, and with this precious little missive in her hands she tripped down to the post office and with a sigh she watched it flutter into the basket along with the rest of the city delivery.

Anxiously awaiting the postman's ring she received from him her valentine with well-feigned surprise. With a blushing countenance she showed it to her parents, who, seeing signs of a wedding ring in the dim future, playfully teazed their daughter until she took refuge in her own room.

With her heart in a flutter and her hair in a "bang," she answered his well known ring, and led the way into the parlor. As he took his accustomed seat by her side on the sofa and gently clasped her, she trembled violently, and made a feeble effort to withdraw from his embrace. Slightly disconcerted by her strange manner, he attempted to imprint a kiss on her lips, but she quickly covered her face with her disengaged hand, and murmured: "Oh, don't!"

"What makes you act so strangely?" he queried. "Have I offended you?"

"No, it did not offend me, but—"

"But what?"

"Why, you know what you sent me yesterday."

"What I sent you yesterday!" he echoed. "I do not understand you."

"I mean that valentine," she articulated.

"That valentine. Why, how strange you talk."

"Didn't you send me this?" she asked, showing him her valentine.

"What, me? No!" he fiercely exclaimed, rudely snatching the valentine from her trembling fingers.

"Well, who could have sent it then?" she simpered, her heart painfully trembling for the success of her ruse.

He scrutinized it carefully, read the poetry with a groan, and angrily exclaimed:

"I would like to know who sent you this!"

"So would I," she responded.

"So would you!" he gasped, gazing eagerly at her. "Why would you like to know?"

"Because it is so pleasant to know those who think well of us."

"But you do not care for the fellow that sent you this?" he sobbed. "You love me, don't you?"

"I don't know. You never asked me to love you."

"But I do now, and I have always loved you, and you will not think anything about that chap that sent you that valentine, will you?" he repeatedly uttered as he fell on his knees before her.

She muttered a few words that seemed to please him very much, for there was such a loud report in the parlor that the old lady ran to the cupboard, and said to her husband:

"Didn't you hear the cork pop out of that yeast jug?"

"P'shaw!" replied the amused old gentleman, "that is only them love-sick idiots kissing each other in the parlor."

WASHING-DAYS in the olden times were few and far between, as were the articles which required washing. The assistance of the dyer was much oftener called in than that of the laundress. During the middle ages a linen shirt was a rarity, and a matter of congratulation to its possessor. Under-clothes were worn by only a limited few, the wealthy people wearing velvets, taffeta, and rich silks next to their bodies. Night-dresses, as now used, had no existence in those days; indeed, the people oftener slept without any clothes at all. Anne Boleyn's night-dresses are described as having been made of black satin and velvet, while Queen Elizabeth's were of black velvet, lined with fur. Later these night-dresses were called night-veils. Shirts were also made of colored silks, as were night-caps and other articles now composed only of washing materials, which fashion made the laundress' duty an exceedingly light one.

THE door between us and heaven cannot be opened if that between us and our fellow-men is shut.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

To prevent water freezing in the gas-meter add glycerine. The proper proportion is one pint of glycerine to a gallon of water.

SURGEONS say that finger-nails, bitten off, often find lodgment in the stomach, where they remain for years adhering to the tissues and ruining one's feelings. Don't bite your finger-nails.

NEW MODE OF HARDENING SANDSTONE.—In Saxony, sandstone is soaked in a solution of alkaline silicates and of alumnia. The liquid penetrates some inches into the stone, and renders the surface so hard that it resembles marble, and will bear polishing. On being heated to a high degree, the surface vitrifies, and it may be colored at pleasure.

THE freezing of fruit in the bud, frequently occasioned by a few warm days succeeded by late frosts, it is said, may be prevented by spreading a thick layer of frozen manure, or of ice or snow, around the trees, in February or March, while the ground is firmly frozen. The buds will thus be kept back, since the ground will thaw more slowly, and the roots convey no nutriment to the tree. When frosts are no longer to be feared, the covering should be removed.

HOW WHITE SHIRT BUTTONS ARE MADE.—Some varieties of these buttons are made as follows: Finely powdered steatite is saturated with soluble glass, dried and repulverized, and the powder thus obtained is pressed into molds by suitable machinery. They are then baked or fired in ovens, again dipped in solution of soluble glass, and subjected a second time to the firing process. When cold, they are polished by being placed in a rotating cask with water, dried, and again polished by rotation in a similar cask with soapstone powder.

PURIFYING WATER WITH ALUM.—Alum will only purify water from organic impurities, which it will precipitate in the same manner as it precipitates dissolved coloring matter in the manufacture of lakes from dye woods, etc. One teaspoonful of pulverized alum in four gallons of water is sufficient. If the water contains such an amount of impurities that this quantity will not purify it, it is unfit for drinking purposes. In the artificial manufacture of ice from Mississippi river water, at New Orleans, this method is employed to purify the water before freezing it.

HOW ELECTRICITY SPLITS TREES.—The theory that the splitting of the trunks of trees by lightning is the result of the sudden evaporation of the liquids contained within them, has received much confirmation from experiments made by Osborn Reynolds, who succeeded in splitting small sticks of wood by passing the electric sparks through them after they had been impregnated with water. He also burst small glass tubes which were filled with water, although the same tubes, when empty, allowed the electric spark to jump through them without in the least disturbing them.

A MAN'S DAILY FOOD.—From eight to twelve ounces of dry food in the day is, according to Dr. Nichols, amply sufficient to keep a man in perfect health, with all his powers and faculties at their highest efficiency; but, since water enters so largely into the composition of everything, it would take two pounds or more of food as it comes to the table to furnish the eight or twelve ounces of solid nutriment. In proof of his statements as to the sufficiency of his allowance, Dr. Nichols quotes the well-known case of the Venetian, Louis Cornaro, whose enfeebled constitution, restored by strict sobriety, became so healthy and vigorous, that, at a hundred years old, he was in the full possession of all his faculties and all his powers.

THE PULSE IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.—Every person should know how to ascertain the state of the pulse in health; then, by comparing it with what it is when he is ailing, he may have some idea of the urgency of his case. Parents should know the healthy pulse of each child, since now and then a person is born with a peculiarly slow or fast pulse, and the very case in hand may be of such peculiarity. An infant's pulse is 140; a child of seven, about 90; and from 20 to 60 years it is 70 beats a minute, declining to 60 at four-score. A healthful grown person beats 70 times a minute, declining to 60 at four-score. At 60, if the pulse always exceeds 70, there is a disease; the machine working itself out, there is a fever or inflammation somewhere, and the body is feeding on itself, as in consumption, when the pulse is quick.

PERSONALITIES.

REV. W. H. H. MURRAY, of Boston, intends to have two pulpit chairs made from the great branch of the Boston elm which fell recently.

DON CARLOS has failed in his stroke for a crown, but is consoled by an inheritance of $8,000,000 from his father-in-law, the dethroned Duke of Modena.

ALEXANDER AGASSIZ has been elected to fill his father's place in the Zoological Society of London, the Linnean Society of London, and the Imperial Society of Natural History of Moscow.

THE amount of money paid to the Khedive of Egypt by the Rothschilds for his Suez Canal shares was exactly $10,882,910, and their commission for attending to the business was $497,070.

SIR GEORGE ELLIOTT, who purchased the Egyptian railways for English capitalists, was once a pit-boy in the mines. He is now the largest coal proprietor in the world, and a member of Parliament.

IT is proposed by the Virginia Legislature to have the will of Washington, now filed among the records of Fairfax County, and becoming worn and dilapidated through the manipulations of parties examining it, reproduced by the photographic process for preservation in *fac simile*, and for use during the Centennial Exhibition as an interesting contribution to its relics.

SEVEN Chief Justices have adorned the bench of the United States Supreme Court—John Jay, six years; John Rutledge, a part of a year; Oliver Ellsworth, five years; John Marshall, thirty-five years; Roger B. Taney, twenty-eight years; Salmon P. Chase, ten years; and Morrison R. Waite, appointed in 1874. None of them were ever candidates for President, and only Mr. Chase was seriously talked of for the office.

THE Emperor of Brazil is fifty-two years of age, with white beard and hair, an erect carriage, and a solid frame. He is over six feet high, and dignified in his bearing. He is a man of scholarly attainments, and speaks fluently the principal languages of modern Europe. He has reigned in Brazil for thirty-six years, and in 1871, recognizing the progress of the world, issued his edict for the gradual emancipation of all slaves in his empire.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston *Journal* says: "Passing down Washington street, near Old South, I saw a woman having two bundles on her arm. One of them fell just as a well-known gentlemen of this came out of a store. He stooped and picked it up, carefully brushed off the slush into which it had fallen, and handing it to the female with a polite bow, passed up the street. I said to her, 'Do you know who that polite gentleman was?' 'No, indade,' she replied. 'Well, that was the Governor of Massachusetts.' 'Indade, he's a perfect gintleman, any way,' was her reply."

THIS reminiscence of Miss Cushman is recalled by the Boston *Traveller*: "It is not generally known that Miss Charlotte Cushman at one time directed the choir of what was formerly known as the 'Cookerel' Church, on Hanover street. This was at the time when Ralph Waldo Emerson, then a young man, and unknown, was a colleague of the Rev. Dr. Ware, this having been his only pastoral charge. It was little thought then, that the modest young preacher and the unknown young singer in the choir, at a salary of probably three dollars per week, would become so famous all over the world."

HORATIO HARRIS, who has just died in Massachusetts, endeared himself to the people by a very simple thing. Having large grounds in connection with his estate in Roxbury, it did not satisfy him that himself and family should be the only enjoyers, and so the gates of the estate were daily thrown open to the people without restriction. Mr. Phillips, in the lecture on "Street Life in Europe," tells us that the opening of private parks like Mr. Harris' is impossible, from the Vandalism of the American people; but from the long period Mr. Harris gave the public the privilege, it would scarcely appear that he found it so.

AFTER the sermon at one of the Hippodrome meetings, Mr. Moody addressed a well-dressed, gentlemanly person. The reply was: "Mr. Moody, I am a pickpocket by profession. I want to attend the meetings here; but you see that man standing yonder?" Mr. Moody noticed the individual. "That is a detective watching me. Will you ask him to let me remain, as I fear he will soon order me out? I give you my word I will not attempt to work while here." Mr. Moody approached the detective. "Do you know that man?" "Yes, very well; he's a pickpocket." "I want you to let him attend those meetings, and I will be personally responsible that he commits no theft while here." That pickpocket has since made a profession of religion.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—The Old Man's Story. Kate's Elopement. After Many Years. "Oh! Soon Return." "When Midst the Day." Driven from Home.

EDIE.—You must put your question in a more definite form. It is a little too vague as it stands.

MAGGIE M.—We would advise no application to the face that would have the slightest tendency to irritate the skin.

A. F. S.—It is a dangerous practice to syringe the ear for deafness without consulting a doctor. We would recommend your dropping a little sweet oil occasionally into the boy's ear, if the deafness is only temporary, arising from cold.

C. S. M. (Philadelphia.)—The proper way of changing your name, if you are determined upon doing so, is to petition the Court of Common Pleas for a decree making the change in name. You will have to pay ten dollars and the cost of publishing the decree.

CONSTANT W.—It is rather a delicate matter, to be sure, but the advance now lies with you, after two rebuffs. It can be made in the most maidenly fashion—the plainest honesty will be the best, and will win the most esteem. Act as a true woman and you will be right, and will have nothing to reproach yourself for.

M. T. W.—When introducing a gentleman and lady, the gentleman should be presented to the lady, thus, "Miss Smith, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Jones." 2. Anything more than a bow is not necessary, but if the person presented is one whom you have heard much of and you are pleased to make the acquaintance, it is quite proper to shake hands and express your pleasure and desire to become better acquainted.

SUFFERER.—One of the causes of impaired memory is derangement in the functions of the system. When the stomach is out of order and the nerves in a twitter, the memory is sure to suffer. If you have any immoderate indulgences abandon them at once, and strengthen your mind by some intellectual study. Too great a devotion to music or anything that violently excites the senses is injurious to the brain and causes loss of memory.

ALADDIN.—No one knows who wrote the "Arabian Nights." Some say they are from the "Hezar Afsanek," a Persian work having a title with much the same meaning; but Mr. Lane has disproved this. Mr. Lane thinks they were first composed soon after the conquest of Egypt by the Osmanlee Turks, A. D. 1517; but they are probably much older. So popular are the tales in Cairo and other cities of the East that public story-tellers still continue to relate them.

FLO.—You want us to tell you how you can prove that the young man to whom you are engaged is really worthy of you. This is a point which you should have ascertained before you engaged yourself to him—rather late in the day now to have any doubts on the subject. One way would be to learn his antecedents, and make yourself acquainted with his conduct when apart from you, also by noting quietly his actions and opinions when with you, and in the company of others of your own sex.

R. C. W.—Rothschilds are a Jewish family of European bankers, whose founder, Meyer Anselm Rothschild, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in 1743, and died there in September, 1812. He was educated as a rabbi, but commenced business as a small trader, and eventually procured a situation in a Hanoverian banking house. He subsequently returned to Frankfort and engaged in the banking business under the patronage of William IX, landgrave of Hesse. He was very successful in negotiating loans for various German States.

WIDE AWAKE.—The origin of the First of April being distinguished as "All Fool's Day" is shrouded in mystery. It is impossible to say how long it has existed, but enough is known to prove that the custom is of very ancient existence. The oldest almanacs extant allude to it. In an ancient Roman calender, respecting the first of November, is the following observation: "The feast of old fools is removed to this day." Besides the Roman "Saturnalia" and the Druidical rites, among the superstitions which the early Christians found in existence in England was the Festum Fatuorum, or Fools' Holiday, doubtless our present First of April. The Hindoos, in their Hooloe Festival, which terminates on March thirty-first, have a precisely similar festival on the concluding day, during which the great aim is to send persons away with messages to imaginary individuals, or those who are sure to be away from home, and then laugh at their disappointment. To find the practice so widely prevalent over the world, and on the same day, seems an indication that it has had a very early origin among mankind. Be the origin of the custom what it may, our candid opinion is that it is one "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

MARTHA WASHINGTON, JUNIOR.—Though it may be considered as encroaching upon our Fashion Editress' province, still, as we see from your letter that your otherwise wise little head is wofully perplexed about such a simple affair, now-a-days, as a Martha Washington dress, and as we rather flatter ourselves that we can help you out of your trouble, we come to your rescue. The following description of a crimson satin damask dress which we saw worn at a late Martha Washington reception will, we hope, serve as a guide to you. This dress had a front straight single breadth of white satin damask which was placed on first and pinned across the chest to the corset cover; over this the dress was put on. The low, square cut corsage, both back and front, was fastened over the white so that it formed a stomacher; the crimson waist had deep points, and the scanty skirt was set on two inches back of the point and swept away upon each side into a demi-train, exposing the white front. The elbow sleeves fell back from the elbow in a deep frill, with inner frill of old lace. A half-handkerchief of white lace tucked in under the top of the waist covered the neck. The hair is generally drawn up high on top of the head over a cushion or stuffed topay, and powdered. In other dresses a plain breadth of wide silk is quilted in small diamonds for a petticoat, and the brocaded, flowered, or any old-fashioned figured silk is made similarly to the damask above described. The little cap may be worn or not, at pleasure. It is not absolutely necessary. Old-fashioned silks and foulards come in admirably for these quaint and very becoming costumes.

YOUNG MACHINIST.—"Can you give me a good rule for estimating the horse-power of any steam engine, and what is a standard horse-power?" Thirty-three thousand (33,000) pounds is taken as a standard horse-power. Before you can estimate the horse-power of an engine with a reasonable degree of accuracy, it is requisite you should first know the following points: You must know the pressure in the boiler, the diameter of the cylinder, the length of stroke, the number of revolutions per minute which the engine is making, and, lastly, the point at which steam is cut off. When there is no cut off, steam is admitted into the cylinder during the whole stroke, and a cylinderful of steam at boiler pressure is used at each stroke, as the cut off, when there is one, takes place before the piston has reached the end of the cylinder. If steam is prevented from entering the cylinder after the piston has passed mid-stroke, the point of cut off is at half-stroke. If the steam enters the cylinder during three-fourths of the stroke and is then arrested, the point of cutting off is at three-fourths of the stroke. It is necessary to know the point of cutting off, in order to find out what the average pressure is in the cylinder. In the commoner sorts of engines, not provided with independent cut-off valves, the point of cutting off may usually be taken at from one-half to three-fourths of the stroke, though sometimes more than this. It may, perhaps, be safe to take the average pressure in the cylinder at about eight-tenths of that in the boiler; though where the steam pipe is long and the throttle valve is used to control the speed, the average pressure in the cylinder may be no more than three-fourths of that in the boiler. The power will be the distance which the piston under this pressure travels during one minute. The rule for estimating is as follows: Multiply the area of the piston by the average pressure per square inch upon the piston, multiply this result by the distance which the piston travels per minute in feet, and the result is the number of foot pounds per minute which that engine can raise. Divide by 33,000 and the result is the number of horse-power. The number of feet per minute traveled by the piston is twice the number of strokes per minute multiplied by the length of stroke. This gives the number of horse-power sufficiently nearly for all practical purposes.

MISCELLANEOUS.—L. G. A.—The Centennial Exhibition opens on 10th of May and will close November 10th. We thought that everybody knew that by this time. A CONSTANT READER.—There can be but one way of pronouncing the name "Lillian"—just as it is spelled. A. A. S.—The meaning of the word "Khedive" is "king." BLANCHE.—We cannot tell you who was the author of the lines you quote. They are not of a very high quality in a poetical sense. S. S.—We shall have much pleasure in perusing any MSS. you may forward. F. W. P.—Don't act hastily on a mere rumor. Treat him just as usual, and in the meantime find out if the report is really correct. HELEN.—There is no impropriety in a young lady apologising to a gentleman whom she has offended. On the contrary, if she didn't do it, we should have a poor opinion of her. C. P. Q.—You must have patience and perseverance; you cannot expect to break off the habit all at once. D. F. G.—We are sorry we cannot give you the writer's real name and address. It is strictly against our rules.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*